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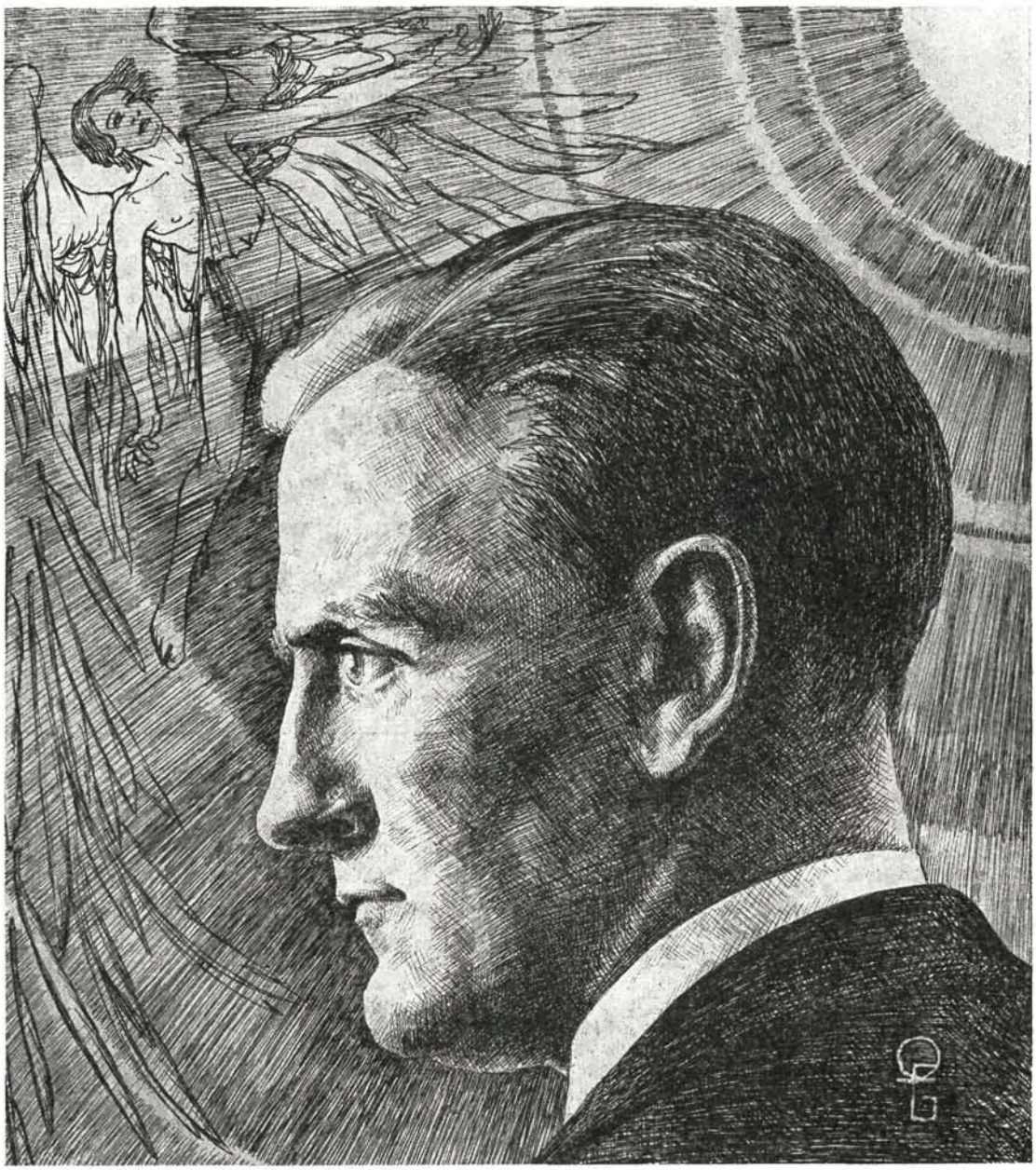

F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of "The Crack-up." *(See page 9)*

What Makes a Book Great?

BY GRANT C. KNIGHT

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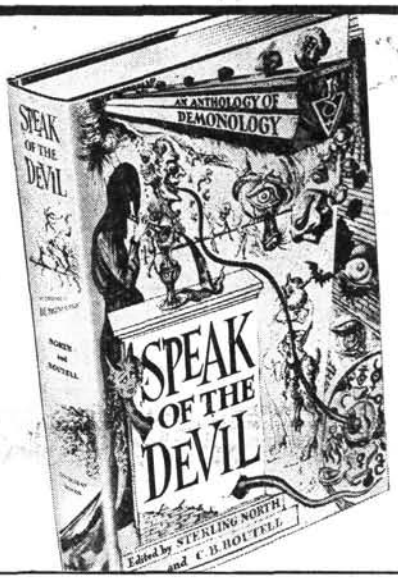

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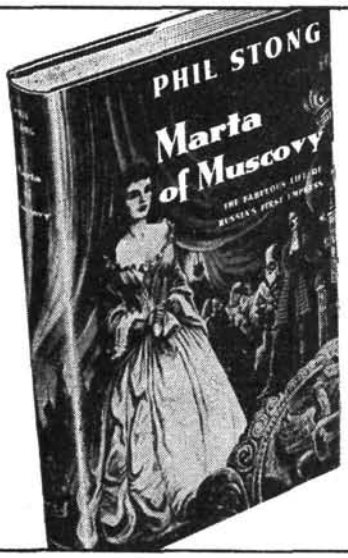

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This Week

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Article

PAGE

WHAT MAKES A BOOK GREAT?
By Grant C. Knight..... 5

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOKS: A NUMBER OF THINGS
By Mary Gould Davis.....32

Reviews

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH
By Bruce Marshall
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels..... 7

THE PATTERN OF SOVIET POWER
By Edgar Snow
Reviewed by Edmund Stevens..... 8

THE CRACK-UP
By F. Scott Fitzgerald
Reviewed by Charles Jackson..... 9

IN THE WAKE OF THE GOOSE STEP
By Filippo Bojano
Reviewed by Maria-Luise Rosinski.....10

MY CHINESE WIFE
By Karl Eskelund
Reviewed by Emily Hahn.....11

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EARNING A LIVING
By John F. Wharton
Reviewed by Paul M. O'Leary.....13

ONE WHO SURVIVED
By Alexander Barmine
Reviewed by Manya Gordon.....14

SOUTH AMERICA UNCENSORED
By Roland Hall Sharp
Reviewed by Carleton Beals.....15

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CAPE
By Ricardo Palma
Reviewed by William S. Lynch.....27

OURSELVES UNBORN
By George W. Corner
Reviewed by Theodosius Dobzhansky....28

MILLENNIUM I.
By William A. Dwiggins
Reviewed by Carl Purington Rollins....29

SELECTED POEMS
By John Crowe Ransom
Reviewed by Theodore Spencer.....30

Departments

LITERARY I.Q.....12

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Pfc. Arthur C. Fields.....16

EDITORIAL.....18

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....19

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....20

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....22

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 108.....31

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....36

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 590.....39

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB.....39

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"It contains enough dynamite to blow up the whole vicious system whereby we have comforted our white souls and lined the pockets of generations of free-booting capitalists... Utterly essential."

—SATURDAY REVIEW

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By STUART CHASE

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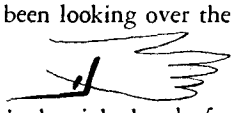
FROM THE FILES

TWO MONTHS AGO we printed here some excerpts from the correspondence of the founder of this firm, Mr. Henry Holt. We intended it, frankly, as shop talk, thinking it might interest some of our publishing contemporaries. Instead, to our pleased surprise, we received a lot of letters from non-publishers—people who enjoyed the pith and salt of Mr. Holt's comments on his profession. One of the people who wrote in urged us to stop whatever book we might have currently on press and use the paper to issue a volume of the letters, which the writer called "the most delightful correspondence brought to light in ages".

We can't quite do that; we are determined to save something special for our centenary when it rolls round in a couple of decades, but there is so much good reading in these yellowed file books which contain copies of Mr. Holt's letters that we feel impelled to quote from them now and again. One of those "nows" is now. We've been trying to find a specialist to do a particular job for us, and it appears that in 1879 Mr. Holt had much the same problem in the case of an index. Apparently he found his man, and relished the job that was done while wincing at the High Cost of Publishing. Anyhow—

> Dear Mr. Kingsley:
> I've been looking over the Index
>
> 
>
> Here's the right hand of sympathy! Lord, what a job you've had. And what a bill we're going to have!!!

This was his reply to one of those people who so much admire the books you publish that they are always asking for free copies:

> Dear Litt:
> I ordered the book sent—with pleasure as far as one side of the case is concerned. But if you were ever in my office to learn the kind of people such requests come from, and the kind of people who seem to make them, indeed you wouldn't make any more—at least to anybody but old Yale men like me who will not judge you harshly.

On the other hand, this gentle handling of an unfortunate friend, a scientific author who strayed from the path and wrote a first novel:

> My dear H—
> Well! It doesn't do for me to read mss. If I did, I should lose every friend I have in the world. I have to turn all mss. alike over to my readers and abide by their decisions. I find, too, that I cannot make a habit of communicating any points in their decisions without getting myself into trouble . . . Your ms. my reader returned without a recommendation to publish – very much to my regret. I will so far do violence to my judgment as to say that the reader thought it was a mistake to mix philology with fiction, or fiction with philology, the effect of both being thereby seriously damaged.
> I should have been very glad if it turned out otherwise, but I am getting used to bad luck in such ways. Don't let it bother you. We're getting a little old now to succeed in a first attempt at anything . . .

It always saddens publishers when their best books are overlooked by the public:

> Publishing Turgenieff has been a little more than a labor of love with me. If a good translation of the Sportsman stories were offered me, and if I had nothing to pay unless I should earn something from the book, I would probably publish it when people buy books freely again. They buy none now.

But even the best publisher is often embarrassingly wrong:

> Of the books you so kindly sent us, we must report that we don't think "Crime and Punishment" would have sufficient sale here to warrant our undertaking it . . . Our mind is not clear as to "Literary Frivolities" and might be influenced by seeing more of it.

An importunate author of a "how-to-do-it" book who would not take "no" for an answer:

> The letter you were kind enough to send us about a fortnight since was carefully considered and filed in the pigeonhole where we keep wisdom for reference . . .

Mr. Holt always believed that publishing was a creative process, and that part of the job was to stimulate the writing of books that could contribute to human development. His greatest achievement in this field, perhaps, was to persuade William James to write his famous PSYCHOLOGY. In June of 1878 he was writing to Professor James thus:

> I am a little staggered by the length of time which you think it would take to write the Psychology and hope that your health will improve and your engagements admit of modifications, so that the work can be done sooner. I hope this not only for the obvious considerations, but because I know to my cost that what is generally taught at our higher institutions as "mental science" or "Metaphysics" is a great deal worse than nothing at all, and I am eager to see something better within reach.
> This delay, however, does not incline me to seek any other author in preference to yourself.

Such a letter makes it hard for successors here to understand how he could have begun another epistle that same year with the words:

> If we only had a telephone! Letters are always getting misunderstood.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE, NEW YORK 10

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Makes A Book Great?

Some Notes on the Heroic Principle in Literature

GRANT C. KNIGHT

RECENTLY, one of the most energetic of our critics, addressing an assembly of scholars, bookmen, and teachers, declared that there is neither logic nor experience to support the belief that books must be written in a given way, or that they must contain special sentiments.

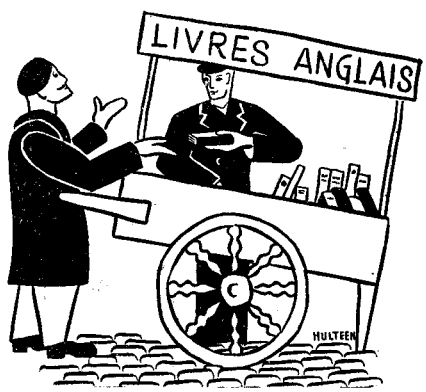
It was a persuasive thesis but it must have left many a critic, many a teacher and book reviewer uncomfortable, for its implications led straight to the doctrine of critical pluralism, to the assertion that in the matter of assessing the value of a book one man's opinion is as good as another's. Thus it raised again that old and very vexing question of the absolute. Are there, after all, no objective standards by which the greatness of a work of literature can be measured? Can a book be written in any kind of way, about any kind of theme, and still be recommended to the future? Can the would-be critic safely laud or condemn a contemporary volume without being charged with irresponsible bias and prejudice?

These questions are not mere academic ones. In the most real and practical sense they involve the self-respect, the authority of all persons who interpret literature, and they interest all lay readers who do not wish to squander their time. Any conscientious individual entrusted with the guidance of a reading public must wish to be able without too much dogmatism or mysticism to say precisely why one book is more likely to survive than its fellows are. And as he reflects upon the reasoned and eloquent treatises on literary criticism, as he remembers all the rhetorical terms and controversies they evoked, he cannot but marvel that so much labor should have been expended to bring about so little conviction. When critics of the caliber of Oscar Cargill and Alfred Kazin differ pointedly about the merits of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," whom and what should one believe? Can anyone say with confidence that Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" will be respected a century hence?

In one of his later essays, Stuart Sherman remarked that the best criticism is of a concrete and inductive habit. This is so suggestive a reflection that it is strange that no one, not even Mr. Sherman, put it to the use to which it lends itself. For since greatness is an historical phenomenon a disinterested critic should be able from an examination of the books accepted as great to isolate the quality or qualities, the "special sentiments," if there are any, which gave them distinction. Such an analysis will uncover one or two logical hazards which will be noted, but despite all dangers it should come pretty close to discovering for us a touchstone by which contemporary literature may be tested.

Even the most amateurish book reviewer cannot be ignorant of those titles which generations have associated with greatness; if he wishes to refresh his memory he will find no lack of compilations of "the hundred best books" in his town library. It is true that these rolls of honor may illustrate the operation of what Matthew Arnold called the historic fallacy, but the fact remains that in their general agreement such lists supply the only data upon which we may reason and that the only alternative to such reasoning is critical anarchy.

Suppose that in our search for the concrete we select from a composite



of such lists a recent volume for examination, and that our choice falls on Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil." Upon rereading it we are certain to respond to this story of simple, courageous lives as we did years ago, to find in it a rational, realistic exaltation of the human creature. In what they do and say Isak and Inger display that unmoved front to adversity which persuades us all that the human race is in the long run undefeatable and which banishes from ourselves much shrinking and self-pity. Their tale is one which we immediately recognize as profoundly healthful and heroic. It is one which the world will not forget because it furnishes one of the most precious of all qualities, inspiration—that breathing into our hearts of fortitude and the will to be free. Its triumph is that it builds a spiritual foundation for our house of days.

CAN the functioning of this heroic principle explain to any degree the selection of those books which critics and public have united to hail above all others? Can it account in whole or in large part for the reputation of such diverse writings as the Greek epics, the Book of Job, the somber visions of Dante, the adventures of Pantagruel and Gargantua, "Paradise Lost," Goethe's "Faust," "Les Miserables," "Leaves of Grass," the abysmal novels of Dostoievsky, and the futilitarian ones of Thomas Hardy? Can it be seen, from a point of view that is as objective as it is possible to make it, that this principle provides the means for assembling into a practicable homogeneity books which otherwise agree little in style and theme and tone and incident?

Evidently an affirmative answer can be given when we consider only epic poetry; the folk poems which recount the exploits of Achilles and Ulysses, of Beowulf and Siegfried and Roland clearly embody the heroic principle in literature. They did not persist because they were eventually recorded

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in the Greek alphabet, or because they supply a guidebook to the customs of early Teutons, or because they recite a good story; they have defeated time because they call upon us to admire the strength in man which is more than human, because they assert that the race can transcend its physical limits.

IT is no difficult transition from the epics to the Bible, which has survived as a precious book because it unfolds a majestic plan for human salvation, prepared for in the Old Testament and made incarnate in the New. "The Divine Comedy" is also of this class, more sophisticated than the ancient poems but offering the example of spiritual heroism and a belief in ultimate beatification. "Paradise Lost" is not the greatest English epic because it contains an unscientific cosmogony or an outmoded conception of life in the hereafter, not entirely because of its gravely splendid blank verse, and not alone because of its Scriptural theme. Instead, "Paradise Lost" owes most of its long fame to its prophecy of the coming of a Savior. "Faust" likewise treats of the theme of redemption and consoles us with a protagonist who, aspiring and errant in the manner of all men, reached that redemption through the common sins.

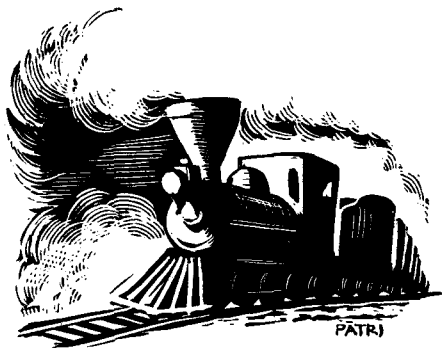
The theme of salvation gained through the commission of evil also motivated "Les Miserables," which, with all its garrulousness and sentimentality, is also a great book—great in its recognition of the striving of mankind toward the good. This declaration of the god in man, is it not that which made Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman heralds of a golden day in America? Emerson whose rather bleak biography can be forgotten when we remember that he restored divinity to the inhabitants of New England? Thoreau, Emerson's Man Thinking in the flesh, who stripped himself to the essentials and stood alone against the sky? Whitman, whose vision of world-wide democracy shames us for our faltering march toward its realization?

But what of such variants as the not seldom obscene ramblings of Doctor François Rabelais, and what of "Crime and Punishment" and "Jude the Obscure?" What of the despair of God's man, Job? Can Swift, Dickens, Conrad be said to have invoked the heroic principle?

Upon first consideration it may seem that some of these writers and books are anything but heroic, that they have stature but not that immensely tonic quality found in the literature hitherto mentioned. Yet scan them more closely. Rabelais, too, is large of heart; he, too, magnifies human nature; but his method is that of purging us of stupid inhibitions, of making our sensual life a thing of infinite gusto and variety. He laughed at humanity because he loved it in all its manifestations, the carnal not the least. And so he cleanses us, leaves us amused by our timidities, our protective etiquette, our impulse to deprecate our flesh.

Dickens is great for an allied reason of sensuality: he gives us the warming pledge that living is good, that food and drink and neighborliness are to be enjoyed. In a panorama of metropolitan society he did not ignore iniquity and hypocrisy and cruelty, but he overbalanced them with the sureness that people are growing into kindliness and the recognition of responsibility for each other. His buoyancy, his delight in all but the coarse animal habits, his charity, his trumpeting of social abuses makes Dickens, indeed, one of the foremost writers. As for Conrad, he often sends his heroes down to death and what looks like defeat. But they are not actually vanquished. The moral of his novels is that man can arrive at victory through being overcome, that one can save his life by losing it.

Thomas Hardy's men and women are also likely to belong to the legion of the conquered, but because their creator denied to their struggle any root in a large meaning and purpose they lack the highest nobility, and the scrupulous critic may as well concede that Hardy's novels, taken singly, are notable exceptions to the validity of the heroic principle. If that critic be inclined to sophistry he may argue that Hardy, pessimistic as he seems, insisted that he was a meliorist, or he may go on to say that it is not "Jude the Obscure" or "Tess" but Hardy's novels in the aggregate that attain greatness. Or he may even argue that not Hardy's novels but Hardy the man should be termed great. For the Englishman's masterworks are full of faults. His style, if it does not deserve George Moore's sneer of "dishwater," is a tool that often breaks in the author's hand; his plots wander into melodrama and an incredible train of coincidences; his characters are squeezed under his thumb. Perhaps here is an instance in which the whole exceeds the sum of the parts, for Hardy the man, rather than Hardy the artist, can always be respected for his defiance of the greatest of all tyrannies.



Dostoievsky surpasses Hardy in sensitivity to pain and aberration, but the reader discovers that the Russian's dissection of personalities, patient and pitiless and frightening as it is, has its source not in contempt but in the desire to comprehend and to forgive all and to refer to man that dignity which comes through sorrow bravely endured. He did not end "Crime and Punishment" in a desperate mood. On the contrary, the last paragraphs of that novel are as confident as Emerson was that darkness is but the prelude to light.

"Job" and "Hamlet" also make use of the heroic principle. The older drama pits man against his god, puts into his mouth the immemorial query as to why the righteous are not spared a chastisement which fits the guilty, and ascribes to its protagonist a sense of justice not vouchsafed to his deity. The second drama revolves around a prince who, far from being a weakling, becomes the master of a neuroticism which had been engendered by disillusionment. "Hamlet" is heroic because notwithstanding some adolescent melancholy it sweeps self-pity from our minds and leaves us with the confidence that though man's body be broken his spirit need not be overcome. Hamlet, fatally wounded, still gives the universe an affirmation; his last care is that truth may prevail.

TO observe the functioning of the heroic principle in Swift's essays and fiction may also at first seem difficult, although it may be assumed that not a little of what he wrote will bit by bit be lopped from the tree of English literature. In what is left we shall discern beneath the savagery and loathing a passion for justice, an agony for the race which he affected to despise, an impatient longing to better it, that measure the temper of his heroism. He, too, would have us be Gullivers rather than Lilliputians.

Before a generalization about the prevalence of the heroic principle in great literature can safely be made, two objections must be weighed. One is that some other quality than heroism has made these books great; the other is that the criticism which has fixed these books in their present repute has been mistaken and that the judgment of the future will lower the estimate of old masterpieces.

The first objection is easily disposed of. No more than one look at the titles just named is needed to convince us that they are unlike in style and in narrative or poetic techniques. It can

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be noted that, while great books are without exception beautiful in what they are, they are not invariably beautiful in the way in which they are written, in the language which constructed their character, for greatness can be independent of beauty as beauty can exist apart from greatness. Rhythm and image and color, suspense and cleverness of plan, even fidelity to truth are not enough; no matter how emotional the surface of great literature is, it is at bottom intellectual, having used feeling and art to put us into contact with an idea. It may be that our standards of appreciation will so change that we shall reverse the opinions of past critics and strip the laurel leaves from some of the classics. This is not altogether a remote possibility, and the man who is insistent about the position of even such recent authors as Thackeray and George Eliot runs the risk of being smiled at by his children. But the heroic principle will in all probability, because of its supreme utility, continue to inform those books we shall call greatest.

For the instinct of humanity is to be decent and to climb upward to some kind of Celestial City, to propagate the morality which will distribute the greatest good to the largest number. Most people tell the truth most of the time, even without the motive of self-interest; most people believe in fair play and justice and goodness. History, which provides a fearsome chronicle of wars, assassinations, tortures, and treacheries, which justifies a certain amount of cynicism, nevertheless affirms that through all these and a million other catastrophes the human race has gone on resolutely, arriving through the evolution of knowledge and manners at its present hopeful, if precarious, civilization. And history teaches us that one concept of the good has prevailed in many guises, in all lands, at all times: the concept which makes human betterment, human transfiguration in some form or other, the maximum morality.

Our inductive reasoning leads us, therefore, to the conclusion that great literature by donating health to mind and body has been utilitarian and moral. We have cherished those books which have upheld the vision of man's emergence from cave and jungle, kindled our wonder at our own mettle, and helped to mold us into a more or less humane gregariousness.

Implicit in this conclusion is the conviction that humanity is neither imbecile nor futile, that its struggle for self-realization has meaning, and that the literature which aligns its force with this endeavor has the best chance to be remembered.

The Charming Irreverence of Mr. Marshall

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH. By Bruce Marshall. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1945. 191 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT seems strange, thinking back, how long wit was the monopolized weapon of the irreverent in attacking old and revered customs and institutions—particularly the Church. How delightfully the clever gentlemen lam-

Bruce Marshall "indulges in good literary sport at the expense of clerics."

pooned it! With what skill they satirized its solemnities! They made good reading from Voltaire to Anatole France and beyond. Now, Bruce Marshall has not only written a delightful book but raised a troublesome question. No one can read "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith" without wondering whether Mr. Marshall is merely a clever man who uses wit to make his beloved church more lovable, or whether the wicked have now grown pompous in their pretensions and so become the naturally comic characters for the wits of our times.

Fortunately, it is not necessary to answer the question to enjoy the story of good, gentle, devout, and often puzzled Father Smith. Mr. Marshall is too wise a man to suggest that absurdities are never to be found under cassocks. But he has invested the Church and Churchmen with a new innocence in the midst of a surrounding worldliness which is very funny and very tragic indeed. Mr. Marshall reports in affection the amusing details in the living of the quaint exiled French nuns, the noisy eccentricities of robust Monsignor O'Duffy, even the petty senile greed of Canon Bonnyboat for rationed chocolate. He indulges in good literary sport at the expense of clerics concerned over the word while the spirit falters.

Father Smith is concerned and Mr. Marshall is satirical about something else in Presbyterian Scotland in the years which surround and include the two world wars. Father Smith calls it "the new hypocrisy" and Mr. Marshall has as much sharp and sad fun with it as any freethinking satirists ever had with the pompous pretensions of fat priests in the past.

> "In the old days," says Father Smith, "people pretended to be better than they were, but now they pretend to be worse. In the old days a man said that he went to Church on Sundays even if he hadn't, but now he says he plays golf and would be very much distressed if his men friends found out that he really went to Church. In other words, hypocrisy used to be what a French writer calls the tribute vice paid to virtue, but now it's the tribute virtue pays to vice."

Undoubtedly, Mr. Marshall sometimes makes caricatures out of those worldlings he satirizes while his brothers and sisters in the Church are only made more lovable by their human weaknesses which persist under the cloth. This is a familiar trick with wits and Mr. Marshall is no more guilty of its use than those who served irreverence have been before him. Perhaps the sermon within his satire would be sounder if he had not made such a comic valentine of the young lady novelist who was too, too sure that Father Smith's religion was only a substitute for sex. But there is warmth and beauty and good humor in Mr. Marshall's faith as well as wit in its defense. There is nothing dramatic in Father Smith's story. Mr. Marshall gives him no miracle like that he provided for Father Malachy. Or, maybe there is a miracle here in good reading about a good man secure in his faith.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 589)

E. BLUMENTHAL:*

THE RECONVERSION

Shed a tear for some poor colonel
If he doesn't feel himself;
Jerking sodas isn't easy
When your Eagle's on the shelf.

- - - - - - -

So be kind to working people
That you meet where'er you go,
For the guy who's washing dishes
May have been your old CO.

*By Pfc. Edward Blumenthal; from *The Best from Yank, the Army Weekly*, selected by the Editors of *Yank* and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 1945.

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A Thread Through the World Maze

THE PATTERN OF SOVIET POWER. By Edgar Snow. New York: Random House. 1945. 212 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDMUND STEVENS

FEW writers are better qualified than Edgar Snow to arrange in an intelligible pattern what to American readers are the oft-disturbing, contradictory, and puzzling elements of Soviet aims and foreign policy. People in this country have been taught for so long to regard everything the Russians do as necessarily devious that many tend to overlook obvious, simple, and logical explanations of Soviet policy in a search for the sinister and recondite. This tendency is abetted by much of the literature on the subject which instead of explaining serves only further to mystify.

In "The Pattern of Soviet Power," without recourse to complex terminology, philosophical antimonies, Ed Snow grapples manfully in lucid prose with some of the most controversial and crucial issues of the present and post-war world. There is little that is new or astonishing in his thesis that Russia needs peace and needs American friendship, and that America and the West can and must get along with Russia, or in the various arguments he presents to refute those who propagate fear of the Soviet giant. Most of what he says has been said by others before him as well as by Snow himself, in *The Saturday Evening Post* articles, many of which have been incorporated in the present book. It is the arrangement of the arguments with the supporting proof in book form that produces a more or less comprehensive pattern. Admittedly the evidence of Russia's aims in Eastern Europe and elsewhere is incomplete, though Snow makes the most of his limited opportunities for personal observation in Rumania and Poland. But the conviction that Russia wants to live in peace with the rest of the world, and especially with her Western Allies, provides Snow with optimism with which to fill the gaps.

Yet, while Snow discounts the likelihood of Russia seeking to impose communism on her neighbors, he points out that the vestiges of feudalism that were so common in pre-war Eastern Europe have been swept away along with the Nazis to whom the reactionary elements had hitched themselves beyond recall. Hence whatever economic or political system emerges will be radically different though not necessarily communistic—the Russians in their desire for stability discourage full-fledged revolutions. The immediate outcome he predicts will be some form of state capitalism wherein the land will be distributed to the peasants and "all industry of national importance will be owned by the state."

In fairness, Snow records the active part being played by local Communist Parties with a pronounced national flavor in remolding life of all countries in the Soviet sphere. He also stresses that Russia's leading role in the destruction of Nazism has raised the Soviet regime's prestige mightily in the eyes of neighboring peoples and thus by no means dismisses the possibility that in due course those countries may approach closer to the Soviet system of their own volition. But "if the Kremlin was fostering revolution it was doing so with a hand heavily gloved in velvet, and it was pointing rather than pushing."

The same overall optimism pervades Snow's view of the Far Eastern War. In the chapter entitled "When Russia Fights Japan" he virtually rules out the "if" from Russia's entry into that conflict although he is by no means categorical as to the timing or form of Russia's intervention.

The evidence which he musters to support his argument is on the whole impressive, but again, there is nothing new or startling in the way of facts; it is merely the listing and correlation that supplies a pattern.

As in all of Snow's writings, he is at his unrivaled best when discussing China. His explanations of the latest phases of the Kuomintang-Communist conflict and its bearing on Sino-Soviet and Sino-American as well as Soviet-American relations is both brilliant and highly informative.

By comparison, his chapters on the Russian internal scene and discussion of new developments in marriage, religion, and education are hasty and fragmentary. His color fill-ins about "the man in the Kremlin" and Soviet Government and personalities add little new to the usual stock of corny and rather threadbare anecdotes, gossip, and guesses.

However, these minor shortcomings by no means detract from the book's main value as a thread through the maze of world politics and a sane corrective to the flood of tendentious anti-Soviet literature now current.

"G. I. Salaam to India"

LOOKIN' EASTWARD. By Captain Thomas H. Clare. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

CAPTAIN Clare went to India in 1942 as Protestant chaplain to an American Army Air Forces unit, and remained there until he was reported missing in May, 1944. His letters home have here been collected by his wife into a "G. I. salaam to India." They are more G. I. (if that factitious term must be used) than India. Captain Clare records the American private's thoughts and conversation, his pets and his grouses, his loves and fears, with a keen eye for conventional character and drama. He writes well, too, in a simple conversational style, marred only by an excessive coquetry about profanity and by excessive use of such slang as "sweating it out"; to "sweat out" a bombing mission is natural and understandable, but to "sweat out" the eating of ice cream is too much.

Captain Clare also says a little of the strange surroundings in which his charges found themselves, and occasionally what he says is revealing. So it is in his account of the life and work of a Catholic nuns' mission, "fount of sanity and charity in an insane world." So it is again in his too brief descriptions of the Indian famine and of Indian usury. Mostly, however, India appears to have been both to him and to his companions a remote and unreal place, noisome with strange diseases and filled with strange peoples of a lower order of humanity. There are several slighting asides about the attitude of the British in India towards the Indians. Yet Captain Clare seems from his own account to have caught in virulent form the worst of British faults in India, which is an assumption of superiority. No Englishman in India today (or, for that matter, in England) would ever refer in the derogatory way he does to "wogs," Indian eating and other habits, and the color of the Indian's skin.

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F. Scott Fitzgerald—From the Heart

THE CRACK-UP. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Collected and edited by Edmund Wilson. New York: New Directions. 1945. 345 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES JACKSON

BY all odds, the most interesting book that has come to us in many many months, a book that truly gives us the feeling of a man, and an interesting man at that—what he was, thought, felt, far more than what he did (everybody knows by now what he did)—is this collection of essays by F. Scott Fitzgerald, his notes for a notebook, and letters from and to him, assembled here by his friend Edmund Wilson, to whom, for this service, we are forever in debt. One can only hope, now, that Mr. Wilson will soon find the time and the fortitude to collect Fitzgerald's scattered correspondence, edit his letters carefully as only he seems to know how to do, and publish them. I have felt that Mr. Wilson did Fitzgerald no service whatever in his cursory, incomplete, and rather half-hearted introduction to "The Last Tycoon," published by Scribner's after Fitzgerald's death. That opinion still stands; but because of it, one is all the more grateful to Mr. Wilson for this present painstaking job. Before we go any further, a word of thanks and congratulations should be extended to New Directions for this collection. My own interest in Fitzgerald is such that it is hard to believe I could have got along without this book.

Perhaps a man does take on a different stature in death than he ever possessed in life—particularly a creative and self-destructive artist like Fitzgerald who, by all accounts, must have been a very hard man to live with, even to know as a casual acquaintance (which I did not), during his last years. In any case, Wilson's collection has raised Fitzgerald (if we ever needed to be reminded of that fact, which most of us who love writing for writing's sake do not) to the forefront of American literature where he belongs. He was a suffering man, it is true—perhaps even an insufferable man, if we can believe those who bore the brunt of his irrational behavior toward the end—but he was and is on all counts a writer who will last, an artist to be reckoned with, a craftsman with a godlike gift, from whom each of us, if we have the wit to assimilate the story and apply the "lesson," can learn.

"The Crack-up" takes its name from a single essay published in *Esquire* in February 1936, but the collection includes other essays as well, both old and young; an instructive and fascinating section of Notes; letters from Fitzgerald as well as to him; his very moving, honest, but sometimes irritated letters to his daughter; and, at the finish, three essays of "appraisal" by three of his contemporaries. One of these is a fancy article by Paul Rosenfeld which appeared long before Fitzgerald had done his best work; another is a long and pretentious essay by Glenway Wescott, a little on the precious side ("the delicate literary brain, the aching creative heart") which starts out by being about Scott Fitzgerald, all right, but ends up as a piece about Mr. Wescott; and an article by John

Dos Passos which, for my money, gives us the most serious, disinterested, and most accurate evaluation of that neglected work, "The Last Tycoon," that has yet appeared in print—the book which once and for all removes Fitzgerald from the realm of "promise" and places him solidly among the American literary great. Apart from the mastery of the narrative and its sheer entertainment, I believe "The Last Tycoon," if its ailing author had been spared long enough to finish it, would have explored and told us more about the American dream of Success—what it is, what makes it up, what it is worth—than we yet know. Even in the fragments of that novel which remain, Fitzgerald reveals a mastery of technique, a wit of observation, an understanding and grasp, and a wider, deeper range than he exhibited even in his acknowledged masterpiece, "The Great Gatsby."

The present collection is a heartbreaking book—but what intimate story by Fitzgerald was ever anything but? If "Tender Is the Night" is almost unbearable to read because of its personal pathos, "The Crack-up" fills one, on every page, with an ineffable sadness. Writing of his first, sudden, brilliant celebrity which he was so ill equipped to take, he says:

> For just a moment, before it was demonstrated that I was unable to play the role, I, who knew less of New York than any reporter of six months' standing and less of its society than any hallroom boy in a Ritz stag line, was pushed into the position not only of spokesman for the time but of the typical product of that moment. I, or rather it was "we" now [here he is alluding to Zelda as well, for they have just been married], did not know exactly what New York expected of us and found it rather confusing. Within a few months after our embarkation on the Metropolitan venture we scarcely knew any more who we were and we hadn't a notion what we were. A dive into a civic fountain, a casual brush with the law, was enough to get us into the gossip columns, and we were quoted on a variety of subjects we knew nothing about. Actually our "contacts" included half a dozen unmarried college friends and a few new literary acquaintances—I remember a lonesome Christmas when we had not one friend in the city, nor one house we could go to.

We all know the rest of the story from here on, that brilliant, handsome, well-favored couple, who seemed to have all the world before them, went steadily downward to destruction in a pitifully few years. Fitzgerald died at the age of forty-four; but years before that, he was a beaten man. Or we thought he was. But in the last year before his death, he was quietly at work on what, if he had lived, was almost certain to have been his best and most important book. That he did not live to finish "The Last Tycoon" is far more our loss than it was his.

It is very hard to review this book One is tempted to quote and quote and quote, so startling and brilliant are the bits of anguish or wit or charm or truth that leap out at one from every page. There isn't a writer living who can write so attractively of attractive women and men. Fitzgerald's girls are proverbial by now, part of our literature; in the best sense of the word, they are glamorous. This brief description is picked almost at random from dozens like it or better:

> Yellow and lavender filled her eyes, yellow for the sun through lavender shades and lavender for the quilt, swollen as a cloud and drifting in soft billows over the bed. Suddenly she remembered her appointment, and, uncovering her arms, she squirmed into a violet negligee, flipped back her hair with a circular movement of her head, and melted into the color of the rooms.

It would be interesting some day to leaf through Fitzgerald's work and count up the number of times he alluded to the stars (it must be literally hundreds); also, to enumerate the countless metaphors which embrace jewels, jewelry, and precious stones, and always to such thrilling effect. He could be guilty of a heavy metaphor which carried too much weight for its

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own good and the reader's ease ("A toiling sweating sun stoked the sky overhead") or a precious metaphor rather too clever or facile ("Trolley running on the crack of dawn"), but for the most part—in fact, all but invariably—his eye and ear were accurate, producing time after time such memorable bits as "The limousine crawled crackling down the pebbled drive," "The nineteen wild green eyes of a bus were coming up to them through the dark," "Suddenly the room rang like a diamond in all four corners," "On the great swell of the *Blue Danube*, the summer ball rocks into motion," "It was a crisp cold night with frost shooting along the grass," "She climbed a network of steel, concrete and glass, walked under a high echoing dome and came out into New York,"—and so on and on, till the aspiring writer despairs of ever being able to write one tenth so well.

But fine writing or glittering writing is never enough, as such. Consider Fitzgerald's understanding of the truth, which he was able to lay bare with the clean precision of a scalpel—which, indeed, he was always conscious of in the midst of the gaiety and game, and which lay at the very heart of his malcontent:

> The tempo of the city had changed sharply. The uncertainties of 1920 were drowned in a steady golden roar and many of our friends had grown wealthy. But the restlessness of New York in 1927 approached hysteria. The parties were bigger—those of Condé Nast, for example, rivaled in their way the fabled balls of the nineties; the pace was faster—the catering to dissipation set an example to Paris; the shows were broader, the buildings were higher, the morals were looser, and the liquor was cheaper; but all these benefits did not really minister to much delight. Young people wore out early—they were hard and languid at twenty-one and save for Peter Arno none of them contributed anything new; perhaps Peter Arno and his collaborators said everything there was to say about the boom days in New York that couldn't be said by a jazz band. Many people who were not alcoholics were lit up four days out of seven, and frayed nerves were strewn everywhere; groups were held together by a generic nervousness and the hang-over became a part of the day as well allowed-for as the Spanish siesta. Most of my friends drank too much—the more they were in tune to the times the more they drank. And as effort *per se* had no dignity against the mere bounty of those days in New York, a depreciatory word was found for it: a successful programme became a racket—I was in the literary racket.

In 1936, when he was trying so desperately to recover himself, he wrote thus in a heartbreaking piece for *Esquire* called "Pasting It Together": ". . . But don't let me suggest that the change from a rather overstuffed world to a comparative asceticism was any Research Magnificent—I only wanted absolute quiet to think out why I had developed a sad attitude toward sadness, a melancholy attitude toward melancholy and a tragic attitude toward tragedy—*why I had become identified with the objects of my horror and compassion.*" The italics are Fitzgerald's, but he is taking the words right out of our mouth.—True, this might be self-pity, dramatization, or a mere preoccupation with rhetoric; but it strikes a genuinely tragic note when one recalls that its author, ten years earlier, was without doubt the most promising and gifted young man in American letters, a youth who had already won all the rewards of fame that come to men, if they come at all, at maturity.

It is painful to go on—painful, but illuminating, instructive, and of priceless value to those of us who care for writing. The book is curiously intimate and personal—it is Fitzgerald speaking to us himself, from the heart—but "The Crack-up" is never embarrassing for one moment, as some have said of the essays when they first appeared in *Esquire*. Indeed, we should be grateful for such an intimate revelation of this troubled, gifted man—not for gossip's sake, certainly, but as a clue to the understanding of ourselves.

One word more. A few days after his death, in December 1940, Westbrook Pegler wrote thus of Fitzgerald in the *New York World-Telegram*: "[He] recalls memories of a queer bunch of undisciplined and self-indulgent brats who were determined not to pull their weight in the boat and wanted the world to drop everything and sit down and bawl with them. A kick in the pants and a clout over the scalp were more like their needing. . . ." It is hard to imagine a stupider or more reactionary attitude than this. But what does it matter? The undisciplined brat is dead, but his work survives and will survive so long as we care about writing. One feels confident that Americans will some day return to the stories of Scott Fitzgerald as they now return to Henry James.

Vicissitudes of the Axis

IN THE WAKE OF THE GOOSE STEP. By Filippo Bojano. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1945. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIA-LUISE ROSINSKI

THIS book is the fruit of observation of Axis politics by the Berlin correspondent of Mussolini's newspaper *Popolo d'Italia*. The author, Filippo Bojano, began his journalistic career in 1926 as a devoted collaborator of Mussolini's brother Arnaldo, and received his Berlin appointment in 1929. From this vantage point he watched the disintegration of the Weimar Republic and the dramatic rise and hey-day of Nazidom, while frequent visits to Italy enabled him to keep an intermittent finger on the Fascist pulse. In the autumn of 1940 he was sent to Moscow and from there was transferred to Stockholm on the eve of Hitler's attack on the USSR. The collapse of Mussolini's regime found him still in the Swedish capital, where personal conversion to anti-fascism was relatively easy.

As a commentary on the vicissitudes of the Rome-Berlin Axis Bojano's book lacks the freshness and immediacy of Count Ciano's diary; as a description of conditions in the Nazi Reich it has not the breadth and incisiveness which distinguish the books of the American Smith and Shirer and the Swedish Fredborg. One learns with amazement that an Italian correspondent in Berlin saw less than his foreign colleagues. The comparison with Ciano is particularly intriguing because Bojano, even while sharply criticizing the Italian Foreign Minister, himself betrays a mentality not entirely dissimilar. Ciano, too, was a belated convert to a certain kind of anti-fascism. Like Bojano he appears to have remained oblivious at all times to the deeper social and ethical implications of the movement, both at home and abroad, and to have perceived its shortcomings only as these assumed a personal shape.

Both men also reveal in their books one of the curious limitations in the European outlook of Italian Fascism. Bojano's horizon, in particular, is essentially limited to the Mediterranean. Nothing that lies beyond the Alps seems really to have significance for him. His remarks on Germany and Russia follow the conventional pattern and, in their striking lack of originality, suggest failure to grasp the real nature of either country. If his book has any independent value, aside from its psychological interest and its often piquant anecdotes of the Nazi and Fascist ruling class, it lies in the naive candor with which the author holds up to inspection the personal rivalries, jealousies, and intrigues which prevailed in both camps. The genre to which "In the Wake of the Goose Step" most properly belongs is that of the not too subtle comedy of manners.

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A Good Thing, All Round

MY CHINESE WIFE. By Karl Eskelund. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

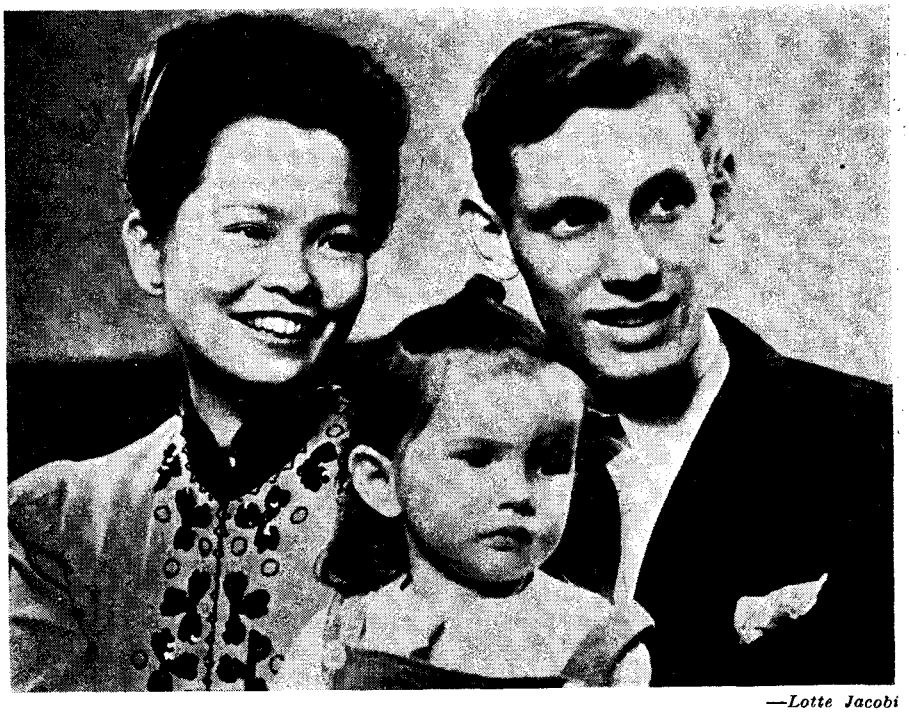
NOT least among the horrors of war are the books we get these days. In times which I still call, however wistfully, normal, we wouldn't stand for it. Because we are being subjected to other violence and pain, however, we have become amazingly meek about the way authors treat us. Scarcely a week passes that we are not scolded, harangued, scared, threatened, showered with epithets, and in the end flattered with insulting obviousness. Most of these crimes against the fair name of literature are perpetrated, oddly enough, by a crowd of men who ought to know better. It is a big decade for the newspaper boys. Scarcely one of them is satisfied any more with a by-line in the daily press. He wants to write a book, and he does, and in spite of the paper shortage it gets printed, although most of the time it is a book we could perfectly well do without. We don't realize it, though. We are getting so used to being kicked around that we read them all, the facile prophecy, the yellow threat, the ponderous, pompous "discussion." And instead of putting the volume away for the next waste-paper drive, we just burst into tears and give in to everything.

Karl Eskelund's by-line is familiar to China hands, and I picked up his book with a loud groan. Here we go again, I said to myself; here is another description of the military situation as it was two years ago in China. There will be a eulogy of the brave communist guerrillas and severe accusations against the Nationalist guerrillas. Or it will be a eulogy of the Nationalists and cry havoc on the Communists. Then Mr. Eskelund will tell us all about China's future, and what Russia wants, and whether or not she ought to have it, depending on Mr. Eskelund's personal experiences; but of course, I said to myself, he won't admit that. He will pretend to be an absolutely unprejudiced observer. With a little luck, I thought, we will escape a report of the time he told the Generalissimo where the government needs improving, and what is really going on among The People.

Well, I admit it; I'm not as smart as I thought I was. Mr. Eskelund's book is something new. The briefest way to explain is the large way. It really is a book about Mr. Eskelund's Chinese wife. It really is about Mr. Eskelund and what he did, and why he went to China, and what he found there. Not once in two hundred and forty-seven pages does he drop his narrative to proselytize. There isn't any propaganda, either cunningly concealed or administered with the familiar sledge-hammer subtlety of the American newspaperman. It's a staggering thing to say, but it's true.

I have no doubt that Mr. Eskelund will be rebuked for his shortcomings. A reviewer gets used to one sort of book and he gets angry when he doesn't find it. Lots of people will say crossly, "You don't learn anything about China from this book." Others will sit in judgment on him for not telling the public just how the war started, how long it will continue, and what will be the political arrangement afterwards. Someone has already called the author "brash," which he most decidedly is not. What will bother the reviewers most about Karl Eskelund is this: Americans feel that they shouldn't read books, especially books with a Chinese background, unless they learn something at the same time. Americans don't feel they are learning anything unless they are bored to death in the process. Americans feel that when they have learned something they are one step nearer to Culture, which to them means a rarefied state, somehow enviable but not at all amusing or comfortable. Mr. Eskelund's book is amusing, not uncomfortable, and not at all informative in the usual sense. There isn't a page of statistics in the entire volume. Don't pass him up, just the same. You will not see his like again, alas. Do you know what he is? Naturally you don't, it has been so long since you saw one, anyway from China. He's not a seer, a martyr, or any other sort of liar. He's not a political expert or a diplomat or a propagandist. Mr. Eskelund is a *reporter*.

Do you know what that word means? You used to, but you have of course forgotten, a long time ago. A reporter tells you what he sees and hears. He is simply honest, without finding it necessary to be cocksure or defiant about it. He may know what he thinks, privately, but when he is guessing or deducing he leaves that out of his story because it doesn't belong there.



—*Lotte Jacobi*

Karl Eskelund and his wife Chi-yun hope that by the time little Mei-mei is grown up "this foolish prejudice [against Eurasians] will have abated."

He's not a military expert; he's not a spokesman for The People; he's not a political expert. He's expert in one thing only: writing down what he sees and hears. Mr. Eskelund isn't reporting the war in "My Chinese Wife," except insofar as it affects him; he's not writing for any newspaper. He is telling us the story of his life, as fantastic, swiftly-paced a life as ever was dealt out by Fate to an eager young Dane. It is his training as a reporter which gives the book its commendable sharp brevity. Of course you have forgotten, but reporters once upon a time were supposed to be brief.

A gangling boy, Karl at sixteen couldn't bear the quiet orderliness of Copenhagen and his mother's house for one single year more. So he ran away, working on a ship until he reached China and his father. Neils Eskelund the dentist is a landmark in Shanghai, but never until now did I

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know why he lived in the East as he does, patiently fixing teeth for very small fees. It was nice for the rest of us, but he seemed a mysterious man. Now I know. He can't get away. He likes the East so much that he never wants to leave it, and he is determined to carry out his desire.

Karl caught up with his father, soothed and mollified him, and cast about for some method of finishing his education so that he need not go back to Copenhagen. Reporting seemed as pleasant a means of earning a living as he could think of, so reporting it was. First he had to attend Yenching, a Chinese university in Peking, and there he met Fei Chi-yun, his future wife, a co-ed, what is called by the Chinese a *mawdun* girl. Chi-yun's father, Mr. Fei, was *mawdun,* too. He had brought up his children to be independent, but when Chi-yun told him she had selected a European for her husband he suffered a sudden rush of atavism to the head. Dr. Eskelund, however, did not oppose the match.

Through several years of shifting scene, Karl remembered his princess and waited and worked for her. He attended the University of Missouri, having learned the incontrovertible truth that no newspaperman can get a job in the Far East unless he's a Missouri graduate, and here he does a sly, delightful bit of debunking in his description of this sacred institution. Incidentally, it is here that I quarrel with the reviewer's label of Karl as "brash." That reviewer fell into a trap; there is nothing so modest as the person who deliberately makes himself out a brash young fool. In truth, young Eskelund has accomplished a great deal in a short life, and chief of his accomplishments, in my opinion, is his dogged acquisition of three languages at once: Chinese, Japanese, and English. I doubt if many young Americans would be able to make their livings in a foreign language, as Karl Eskelund is doing.

Armed with his languages and a technical education, Karl returned to China, and Chi-yun joined him, having been disowned by her angry father. In the months that intervened between this meeting and her twenty-first birthday, until which she was not able to marry, the two young people travelled to Shanghai, where Chi-yun learned to dress in a sophisticated way and to wear high heels; they went to Kunming and then to Chungking, where Chi-yun did Karl's job better than he did himself, when he was too ill to take care of it. As might be expected, the Chinese resented Chi-yun's constant championship of the foreigner, and once the police arrested both the youngsters and detained them for a short time for questioning. The following years carried the two adventurers to Europe, where Karl saw some of the war in Finland and reported it; Chi-yun came of age and married her Dane at last; both Mr. Fei and Dr. Eskelund cautioned their children against bringing a Eurasian into the world, and the newly-married couple promised to follow this advice. But later they changed their minds. Somehow between battles and assignments, little Mei-mei was brought into the world, and her grandfathers were not sorry, after all. "By the time she grows up," the Eskelunds told each other, "this foolish prejudice will have abated."

Karl is a young man of pleasant temper, but sometimes he loses his self-control in a way very shocking to the Chinese. That is what happened one day when Mei-mei, cutting her first tooth, had kept her mamma awake all night in the flimsy little Press Hostel of Chungking. Out in the road a stubborn man kept making a noise with his auto horn, though Karl had asked him most politely to stop; Karl, in a rage, rushed at him and hit him in the nose. And it was the Generalissimo's son. In the shemozzle that followed, the Eskelunds were nearly put out of their job and the country, but the authorities relented in time.

Now the little family happens to be in the States, waiting for their next adventure. Mei-mei, they have decided, will go with them wherever they may drift, as the gypsy existence seems to be good for her and her fond parents would never consent to a separation.

It's a fresh, pleasant little story. By its very simplicity it knocks into a cocked hat all the solemn discussions and prognostications that usually surround an interracial marriage. "This is the way to do it," young Karl seems to say. "Go ahead and do what you know is all right and everything will work out okay." The nearest he ever comes to confessing that he does reflect at times is in the delightful paragraphs where he tries to sum up the inconsistencies in his wife's character. He knows her better now, naturally, than he did the shy little girl he first saw across the library table in Peking, but at the same time he knows her less well than ever. He observes with keen relish the straightforward practicality of this mysterious woman in his home, or shall I say, his tent? Sometimes she shocks him, but she is always honest. And he will never forget the day she first told him to shut up. That marked the end of his domination. Many a Chinese man could tell a similar story.

I don't always agree with young Eskelund in his opinions, especially when his emotional indignation is involved, but that's not the point. I can disagree with him and still read his book with great pleasure. It is unfair to as fresh a piece of work as we have seen in years to close this article with a solemn, weighty observation, but the spirit moves me and I must. "My Chinese Wife" is worth any number of political tomes for its effect on the reader. Nobody can listen to Karl Eskelund's life story without understanding our Chinese cousins a thousandfold better, and understanding in this case leads inevitably to liking and respect. I only hope that the Chinese in their turn appreciate the excellences of the man their stubborn little maiden married. It was a good thing, all round.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

JANE AUSTEN'S MEN

"Janeites" are invited by Arthur M. Shepard, of Madison, Connecticut, to identify certain of the male characters of their favorite author. Below are given characteristic references to 15 different men taken from Miss Austen's six novels. Name the character and the novel in which he appears. Allowing 4 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 72 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. He travelled to London and back to get a haircut.
2. He consoled himself for the death of his fiancee by falling in love again.
3. He declared that he had three very silly daughters.
4. His reading of Shakespeare was "as good as a play."
5. He was unjustly believed to be the father of a natural daughter.
6. He was suspected by the heroine of killing his wife.
7. He was rejected by one lady and two days later accepted by another one.
8. He proposed to a lady against her will inside a closed carriage.
9. He prided himself on doing things in a hurry.
10. Returning home unexpectedly, he found his house turned into a theatre.
11. He declared that his future wife was only tolerable.
12. He was rejected by the heroine and married her sister.
13. His favorite dish was thin barley gruel.
14. He met his future wife in the Lower Rooms at Bath.
15. His favorite reading was the "Baronetage."

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Everyman's Economics for Better Living

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EARNING A LIVING. By John F. Wharton. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 236 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL M. O'LEARY

THE title of this book suggests that it is another one of those "success" manuals where in short, "punchy" phrases one is told exactly what to do and how to do it. Actually the book is nothing of the sort. It is a thoughtful and earnest discussion of those American economic, political, and moral institutions which young men and women must reckon with when they set out to earn a living. Mr. Wharton leads into this broad subject by discussing the basic methods for earning a living in America. This gives him an opportunity to deal with a range of topics generally covered in college courses in economics and political science. While his discussion is neither original nor specially profound, it is clear, consistent, and lively, characteristics all too often missing in the books which Americans are asked to read when being "introduced" to economics and political science. His discussion of the processes of business finance, which he develops in connection with the problems of his imaginary North American Pencil Company, is especially clear and effective.

Mr. Wharton is a New York lawyer whose practice has apparently brought him into contact with a variety of industries, trades, and professions. He has served the government as consultant to the Board of Economic Warfare. He seems to have a real capacity for reflecting about and generalizing from the issues arising in the cases with which he has dealt. He has a real social sense. If the word still meant anything I'd call him a "liberal." Certainly he can be called "enlightened." He is greatly concerned with the moral issues that constantly confront active, aggressive American business men. He sees very clearly the evils of economic restrictionism in its many forms, deep-rooted in a social system where particular advantage and the general welfare are so often in conflict.

Mr. Wharton recognizes the crucial importance of education in the development of a system of values, a moral climate, in which those who acquire the power to exercise controls in business and in government, and at all levels in both areas, will do so with a deep awareness of social responsibility. He is not so naive as to suppose that this can be done merely by giving "courses" in Business Ethics, Citizenship, etc. He is neither specific nor detailed in his discussion of education but it is clear that he believes that at all stages it should concern itself more with values, with ends, and less with the teaching of techniques. Perhaps he is naive in his faith in education. Certainly he is charitable in his belief that its failures are almost exclusively due to inadequate financial resources.

Most Americans could benefit from reading this book no matter to what extent they have already succeeded in mastering the theory and practice of earning a living. In fact I suspect that men and women well established in business may benefit more from it than young men and women not yet launched on their careers. We expect too much from education as a process of genuine enlightenment if it must do all its work in the first twenty-one years of the lives of men and women. Most young American college graduates, at least those who have worked in the field known as "social studies" are familiar with the matters with which Mr. Wharton deals. But a few years from now they will need something like his book to freshen them up, and keep them attentive to the larger whole of which their particular acquisitive interests are merely parts.

Specialists in economics, political science, and other social studies can convict Mr. Wharton of mistakes at several points in his book. Thus in discussing the "law of supply and demand" he speaks of arresting "and completely reversing" its "natural workings," when what he obviously means is merely that certain groups, in his particular example, trade unions, manipulate the supply (of labor) to their own advantage. It is misleading to say that they "completely reverse" its "natural working." Nor is it accurate or particularly helpful to sound economic analysis to say that we have an "oversupply" of something when there is "merely a greater supply than there are people who can pay the price which is demanded."

—*Halsman*

John F. Wharton "is greatly concerned with the moral issues that confront American business men."

Finally, even as a layman I may be permitted to question the assertion by Mr. Wharton, a lawyer, that if you try the experiment of shooting at electric signs and "happen to hit an innocent bystander in the course of your experiment, it may land you in the death cell." I am sure Mr. Wharton would like to take that case on appeal for the defendant.

Paul M. O'Leary has been Deputy Administrator of the Office of Price Administration since 1942. *He is also Professor of Economics at Cornell University. He is the author of "Corporate Enterprise in Moslem Economic Life," and the co-author with Sumner Slichter of "Questions and Problems on Economics."*

I Walked Up the Avenue

By Virginia Scott Miner

I WALKED up the avenue with the wind from the lake for companion,
And the endless blocks swept ahead like a preview of the hereafter:
Sun and wind and sun, and strength and warmth and laughter—
With a gull to cut the sky like a quicker flash of sun
And the gallery lions crouched as guards against disaster
For such as deal with the wind—with none but it for companion.

And I who came alone, with human kind unprovided,
Found, as I passed those lions, myself no more alone
But spoken to by a voice, accompanied so and guided—
A voice from the state's great past, a nation's friend and my own.
Then the avenue unrolled as we walked along it together,
Marched to the sweep of his words, which were in themselves a weather:

One man's words—and an awkward man with the height of a village steeple—
Of the need for new dedication, and of government by the people!

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Rise and Fall of One Man's Ideal

ONE WHO SURVIVED. By Alexander Barmine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 328 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

MR. Barmine's book is of great historic significance. This does not mean that it is deeply philosophic or ideological. On the contrary, its entire importance consists in being the simple record of the life of a communist—a young communist, the product of the October revolution. Mr. Barmine was only fifteen years of age at the time of the outbreak of the First World War. Soon after he was drawn into the Bolshevik ranks. As the son of a poor school teacher he was completely free of capitalist or bourgeois notions and he accepted the Bolshevik slogans without the slightest hesitation.

From the personal and materialistic viewpoint he had every reason to follow the Leader and be content with his position as a member of the Communist Party. He rose from the ranks of the poor, was permitted to complete his education, became an outstanding official of the Soviet regime, Red Army officer, diplomat, and industrialist. These activities carried him out of the country to Korea, Persia, Japan, Italy, France, Germany, England, and Greece. But it all ended in 1937 when he felt compelled to abandon his post as charge d'affaires in Athens rather than return to Russia. He preferred to work as a factory hand in France.

The history of his life and the circumstances that inspired the break with the Communist Party and his beloved homeland are here described in excellent English, in short, clear sentences. The narrative is free of the slightest suggestion of rancor or attempt at melodrama, and for that very reason is very convincing. It is a record that should be carefully studied by all those who are sincerely interested in the communist experiment. At this point it is necessary to note that Mr. Barmine does not fulminate against his former faith or draw any "counter-revolutionary" conclusions. On the contrary, he is still loyal to the Russian masses, but has had enough of totalitarianism.

Beginning with chapter four, the narrative develops chronologically and throughout the book the author confines himself largely to his personal observations and experiences. In the opinion of the present reviewer, the first three chapters in which he describes the circumstances which preceded his escape from Greece would have been more effective if they had followed the time sequence of the narrative and appeared at the end of the book. They create a wrong impression. They suggest violent hostility to the Soviet regime and lead one to expect startling revelations. Actually, Mr. Barmine's reactions to the communist experiment were conditioned by his personal, gradual development, and until very nearly the end of the book, that is, during his association with the Soviet state, remained favorable to the Communists. Therein lies the entire significance of the book. The canvas is the work of a friend. The young Barmine was entranced by Lenin's leadership and idealism, and he still worships the memory of the father of Russian Communism. As an army officer and, later, junior official, he worked hard and had little time for reflection. At no time did he doubt the ultimate triumph of the free and equalitarian society Lenin's followers were building.

Alexander Barmine "maintains that [Stalin's] purges persuaded Hitler to begin his onslaught against the democracies."

His skepticism first appears at the time of Stalin's rise to power and the methods he employed. It was stimulated by the subsequent purges. Even then his doubts do not seem to bother him unduly. His duties abroad soften his occasional anxieties concerning the course of events at home. If anything there goes wrong or is against his own humane conception of things, he can always find refuge in the rigid party loyalty and the communist dogma "that the leaders at home know better." Until 1937 he adhered to the party discipline, he accepted the official decisions. The change came with the purges of his friends, and the old Bolshevik leaders whom he admired and whose sincerity and devotion to the Communist Party he did not question. He had met, worked, and shared hardships and danger with many of the leaders who were being eliminated. He knew most of them intimately, and his brief and very informative sketches of all the outstanding builders of the Soviet state including Stalin are a veritable "Who's Who" or rather who was who in Soviet Russia. When these men are destroyed, Mr. Barmine finds it no longer possible to suppress his doubts and to overcome his inner conflict, and when the GPU reached out for his own head, he made his own final decision.

According to Mr. Barmine, the purges beginning in 1937 took three out of five marshals, eleven vice-commissars; six out of the eight generals who formed the court-martial "alleged to have condemned to death Marshal Tukhachevsky" and seven others of the High Command, and seventy-five out of the eighty members (all generals and admirals) of the supreme Military Council of the Red Army, including all the commanders of the military districts; the commander-in-chief of the air force; the commander-in-chief of the fleet, and all but one of the commanders of the different sea fleets; ninety per cent of all generals, eighty per cent of all colonels, approximately thirty thousand lesser officers. During two years—1937-39—about one million civilians were imprisoned and three hundred thousand were executed. Those were apparently the seventy-five per cent of the experts mentioned by Walter Duranty in "The Kremlin and the People." Persons deported to forced labor and concentration camps amounted to another ten million. Polish civilians comprised an additional million and a half inmates of the concentration camps. Mr. Barmine gives his authorities for these tremendous figures. He likewise maintains that these purges, more than any other circumstance, persuaded Hitler to begin his onslaught against the democracies.

"One Who Survived" is more than the autobiography of a man who had spent his entire thinking life in the service of the Communist Party and his fatherland. It is the record of the rise and fall of a world ideal.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Frank Churchill, in "Emma." 2. Captain Benwick, in "Persuasion." 3. Mr. Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice." 4. Henry Crawford, in "Mansfield Park." 5. Colonel Brandon, in "Sense and Sensibility." 6. General Tilney, in "Northanger Abbey." 7. William Collins, in "Pride and Prejudice." 8. Mr. Elton, in "Emma." 9. Mr. Bingley, in "Pride and Prejudice." 10. Sir Thomas Bertram, in "Mansfield Park." 11. Mr. Darcy, in "Pride and Prejudice." 12. Charles Musgrove, in "Persuasion." 13. Mr. Woodhouse, in "Emma." 14. Henry Tilney, in "Northanger Abbey." 15. Sir Walter Elliot, in "Persuasion."

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Questions and Answers on Good Neighbors

SOUTH AMERICA UNCENSORED. By Roland Hall Sharp. Longmans, Green & Co. New York: 1945. 363 *pp. Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

EVERY few weeks I receive a letter from some unknown member of the armed forces, stating that after being discharged, he hopes to take his family to South America, where he expects to find better opportunities than in his own country, and asking me for the low-down. I have not yet devised a formula which will permit me to be brutally frank about the difficulties and dangers and yet not extinguish hope. Hereafter I shall tell such folk: first read Roland Hall Sharp's book.

Half of his pages—under the headings "Portrait of a Continent" and "In Search of Frontiers"—are given over to a first-hand account of the geography, resources, and human possibilities of the southern continent, a clever mingling of facts with illuminating personal anecdotes of travel. On his lengthy zigzags into the remotest corners of the far southern countries, in windy Patagonia, over the mighty Andes, in the deep recesses of the Amazon jungle, Sharp claims to have used an airplane only when other means of transportation were not practicable. His book ably reflects the zeal that prompted this scarcely comfortable tour. Throughout, Mr. Sharp—who went as correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*—was in search not of romance and color but of economic and political realties. Although I do not gather from his pages a sense of intimacy with the actual lives of run-of-the-mill human beings

on the southern continent, plenty of the flavor seeps through. He is sensitive to the details of his environment and has a keen eye.

Mr. Sharp's panorama is broad-gauge; but since his title implies that he has penetrated beyond that veil of falsehood that for some years now has been drawn across much of the southern scene by wartime censorship, busy official good-willing, glossy-print propaganda, and bureaucrats expending colossal sums without benefit of publicity, he will not mind if I extract a few of the juicier items. He tells us that none of the rich Itabara iron ore of Brazil ever got out to help in the war effort because faulty British railroad construction, with American money, blocked transportation. We learn partly why we got so little Amazon rubber and why it was so costly: a combination of saintly American idealism and blundering, local graft, the inertia of established exploitation, and Brazilian political animosity. Sharp pushes up the per-pound cost to us from the official $1.12 to $2.14. Had he considered invisible items and followed standard business accounting, the figure might well be doubled again. In any event the rubber cost us far more than market price; thereby the American taxpayer paid out $60,000,000—to mention only the sum which the public is permitted to see—and at the same time caused Brazil—as Sharp puts it—to practise "Good Neighborliness to the extent of a direct financial loss of between $66,000,000 and $264,000,000." And at that he merely skirts the edges of the incredible story.

He feels that most of Nelson Rockefeller's lavish super-militaristic propaganda backfired.

The first third of Sharp's book is devoted to the "Jungles of Fascism," and his first section is entitled, "Brazil: Fascist United Nation." A wag recently came forward with a new definition of a democratic nation: "Any country the State Department likes." Sharp, however, gives several pages of precise definitions—democracy, totalitarianism, fascism, communism, etc.—so as not to get "sawdust in the breakfast cereal." Perhaps he should also have defined "benevolent imperialism." He finds fascism far more rooted and dangerous in Brazil than in Argentina. The symptoms of future war and aggression from that source are pronounced. Our arming of Brazil and our disproportionate financial aid to that totalitarian regime, has provoked the growth of fascism in Argentina, today so woefully unarmed and alarmed. The consequences of our unfair power politics, Sharp believes, will be eventual war between the two countries or, what seems to him more likely, a close fascist alliance which will swing most of the southern countries into its orbit—a revival, we might add, of the famous "Black League" which functioned secretly until Brazil, but not Argentina, was bought off with American money. It is not easy to be complacent at his picture of the terroristic Brazilian censorship bureau now occupying the home formerly used by the Brazilian Congress, whose members long ago were sent home, and many jailed or murdered, some for espousing the cause of the United Nations when Vargas was still flirting with Hitler.

Sharp's picture of Paraguay, of Bolivia and the Catavi massacre, and of Argentina are not pretty either. The brighter spots are Uruguay and Chile. Although he does not really tell the full

story of our power politics in Uruguay, he thinks that policy will fail of its purpose; and he is not sweet about our attempts to substitute Brazilian overlordship in Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay for Argentine influences.

Sharp wishes to see such power politics replaced by a "Genuine Good Neighborliness"—the title of his second chapter. We should quit arming and aiding fascist governments, quit parading dictators through Washington and pinning medals on their bloody chests, quit giving bona fide democratic elements the cold shoulder. The Argentine problem cannot be solved on the basis of Washington power politics. "A powerful and principled United States diplomacy, not a powerful fascist Brazil, holds the promise of South American security and peace."

Perhaps Mr. Sharp, with whom in the main I agree, makes the problem too simple. He does not state adequately just how the problem of democracy to the south—an issue during a century and more of struggles—is to be solved. His fine book and keen observation of contemporary events would have been still more enriched by acquaintance with the great political literature of Latin America. Nor is it possible to judge present Latin American events so completely by the existing neurotic shibboleths and dogmas of fascism, totalitarianism, communism, etc. Overworking the word "fascist" does not promote conceptual thinking; it does not serve as a substitute for an analysis of historic social and economic forces. Rather than the over-use of our present emotional "ground-roaring" words, we could profit by finding out just why a wave of revolutionary nationalism engulfed nearly all Latin America in the early thirties, hindering the growth of democratic forces—this before Hitler hit the jack-pot of power.

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Strictly Personal

THE PIANO

"CHRIST, I feel dirty."

"Yeah, me too. That damn mud sticks like hell."

"You ain't kidding. I thought I picked up half of Germany out there."

"Well, don't go rubbing it off on me. I'm not a footstool."

"I wasn't too sure in the dark."

"Well, forget it. Who's got a light?"

A match sputtered and fizzed out.

"Darn."

"Let's get a light. Company headquarters probably put us in an alley or some god-forsaken hole."

A match scratched, once, twice.

"Want some lessons?"

"Shut up."

This time the match burned. The faces of the squad shone brightly and then quickly faded.

"Who's got a candle? There must be something in this hole."

"Try over here."

The candle glowed dimly and then brightened. There was a noticeable shifting of bodies in the room.

"That's a relief!" A BAR belt hit the floor with a thud. More belts and helmets followed it. A shadow rose from one corner.

"Hey, will you look at that!"

"What?"

"That piano!"

"That what?"

"That piano!"

"What about it?"

"What about it? I want to play it."

"Play it! Out here?"

"Play it out here."

"Godammit, guy, there are a million krauts just dying to find out where we are and you want to go playing a piano?"

"I'm not going to play it loud."

"You're not going to play it at all."

"Oh, hell, no one will hear it."

"We'll see about—"

"Goddammit, Joe, go back to sleep, will ya? The kid's crazy. He wants to play the piano."

"Well, let him. I ain't heard any music for—"

"Let him! With about three 88's just sitting there across the valley aching to know where we are—and you say, let him?"

"Yeah, let him. Hell, them krauts would like to hear some music as much as me. And, boy, I could go for some real music now. Go ahead, kid, only watch that loud pedal."

The kid started for the piano.

"Hey, wait a minute, you jerk. First we sweat out thousands of mountains—"

"It wasn't thousands."

"All right, lots of mountains. Then we capture three villages—"

"Two."

"Three goddammit. Those houses I call a village. Then we climb a hell of a high mountain and start coming down and what happens?"

"I'll bite."

"So we find a berth with a piano. So you play it and the krauts start playing with flak. Some more of that flak would be really very funny. Ask Brogan how funny it was. Ask Williams, ask Cohen."

"OK. OK. Lissen, Bill, I was there too. But we're here for a few minutes. We've got a piano. And we've got a guy who can play it. So let's hear some music."

The kid began fingering the keys. The piano was a little tinny but pretty much in tune.

"Joe—"

Joe wasn't listening any more. He was resting, leaning back on his cartridge belt. The kid tried out a few scales. The only other noise was the snoring from the rest of the men.

"Joe, dammit, Joe!"

"Shut up, will ya and let me hear the music. Go on, kid."

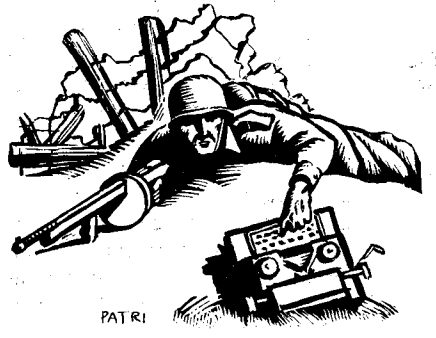
"What do you want to hear? Anything special?"

Bill made a grunt of despair and dropped back to the floor.

"Naw, anything at all."

The kid turned back the piano and tried out some Duchin bases. They sounded a little noisy so he fished for the soft pedal. The kid smiled a little. He looked around the room and saw all the tired, grimy men whom he had just met that morning. He had heard about Waller whose place he was taking. He wondered what Waller had looked like. They had said he was fat.

"That's good, kid, swell." Joe sounded almost asleep.



They seemed to be pretty good fellows, but much rougher than he had expected. They must have been through a lot, he figured. But things were getting tougher. That flak was worse than anything he had ever imagined. The whirring sound as the bullets cleared his head—they had prepared him for that in the States, but he always knew they weren't trying to hit him.

Bill was snoring now. Joe, too. That left him alone, and that was what he wanted. He settled back on the stool and looked back at an imaginary audience, then lifted his hand, carefully watching his wrists to make sure they were properly poised, and then began to play. First it was a soft Chopin prelude, light and free. The chords were pretty watery, but the piano probably hadn't been played on in a long time. After the Chopin he tried a part of a Beethoven sonata he had learned as a boy. He remembered how his old teacher had drilled him on the scale passages. The sounds become rounder, fuller. The music swelled and rose with the kid's emotions. He played lightly and surely. He watched the phrasing and extended codas and made sure that his left hand didn't run louder than the melody. Yes, aside from the tinniness, it sounded pretty good, pretty damn good, he admitted to himself, for one with lack of practice. He smiled a little and swung into Bach....

The first shell landed pretty far from the house, about twenty-five yards to be exact. At the sound, Joe and another guy had enough time to yell, "Look out!" but not much else. They dug their heads into the floor and covered the backs of their necks.

The concussion smashed all the windows and snuffed out the light. After the explosion, all the guys jumped up only to hit the floor as the second whistle neared the house. This time the noise was terrific. Half the walls crashed down and the cabinet of glassware made a lot of noise as it smashed to the ground. The table in the middle of the room was cleaved in two as a beam hit it. Dust and smoke were everywhere.

Bill leaped up from under the table and dove for the wall just as a lighting fixture thudded behind him. He slid away from the wall and then turned toward the piano. There was a dull glare in his eyes and his face was contorted with rage. With the movements of a drunken man, he lurched towards where the stool lay.

"You son of a bitch," he moaned, "you son of a bitch." His foot drew back to kick the kid on the floor, but he stopped suddenly. The body was too still.

The room itself became still—unearthly still. Only the piano was intact.

PFC. ARTHUR C. FIELDS.

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Lewis Gannett says

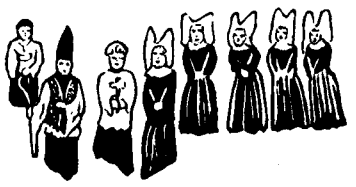
"Father Smith is the most engaging priest this reviewer has met, in fiction or in life." — *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

Sterling North says

"One of the most charming character sketches of modern literature . . . Father Smith tops any character of his kind since Chesterton's immortal Father Brown. In fact, he has more warmth, more pity and more love for a sinful world than you are likely to find in a whole Bishopric . . . There is humor and lyricism and love on almost every page of his book . . ."

— *New York Post*

The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith



By BRUCE MARSHALL

Author of FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

At all bookstores. $2.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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THE MELODY LINGERS ON

THE formal body of Nazism is dead, but not all the clothing has been buried with the corpse. What we have in mind is the unobtrusive way in which part of the language of national socialism has worked its way into common use. This is not, of course, as menacing or insidious as some of the more tangible vestigial remnants of Nazism, such as the German General Staff or Germany's intact heavy industries, but it is worth our caution nevertheless.

In assembling the gear and tackle of the Nazi philosophy or mythology or *Weltanschauung,* a new jargon was created, replete with catch phrases, arbitrary definitions, and deliberate semantic misfits. It was not only the words themselves but the particular use to which they were put that reflected the Nazi program and purposes. With the best of intentions, however, some of these words are being parroted by many people who ought to know better. In books, in newspapers, on the radio, in ordinary conversation you can hear expressions and stock phrases used in the same sense as perverted by Herren Goebbels and Rosenberg. Such words as "anti-Semitism," "race," "Aryan," "Nordic," etc., have been widely misused in the twisted Nazi meaning—and constitute an altogether unwelcome legacy of the Third Reich.

We often hear references to members of a cultural or religious group as a "race"—in raging defiance of the entire body of scientific knowledge. Or we hear references to a form of prejudice against a "Semitic racial" group when the fact of the matter is that Semitism was a term coined to express language similarities, and nothing more. (In this case, of course, the term "anti-Semitism" preceded the Nazis, although it is perhaps pertinent to note that it first came into widespread use in the anti-Jewish riots in Germany in the 1870's, when the word "Semitic" was deliberately perverted from its original meaning. It had been devised as a word a century earlier in Germany by August Schlözer, the historian, to denote a language group, but it eventually was used as a supposed racial designation.)

The word "Aryan" is another example of how some of us allow ourselves to become semantic victims of Nazism. "Mein Kampf" had some fairly ambiguous definitions of an Aryan or a Nordic, which Mr. Hitler used interchangeably. The general impression was that an Aryan or a Nordic was a member of a tall, blue-eyed, blond, straight-nosed, handsome race centered pretty much in North Central Europe. By contrast, of course, there were the "inferior races," which originated in the Near East or Asia. Thus there was always the convenient device of being able to array two entities against each other—the Occidentals and the Orientals.

But geography and anthropology tell a different story, and it is unfortunate that so many of us eschew this version for the one in "Mein Kampf" —nor is it any excuse that though we use those terms incorrectly, we may use them to refute the theories themselves. Actually, Aryanism is an all-inclusive designation of tribes that migrated from the eastern portion of Persia. Included in those emigrants were Teutonic, Lithuanian, and Slavonian hordes which later became the ancestors of the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Letts, Russians, and Poles. Still other "Aryans" included the Celts and Graeco-Italic tribes, while others pushed into India. By way of indicating the exclusive nature of the "Aryans," here are only a few of their present language derivations: Celtic, Greek, Italian, Albanian, Portuguese, Spanish, Catalanian, French, Rumanian, German, Dutch, Flemish, English, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, Scandinavian, Lithuanian, Lettish, Polish, Wendish, Bohemian, Russian, Bulgarian, Servian, Kurdish, and Afghan.

If we are still snobbish about our Aryan ancestry after such a list, we can throw in a few more: Baluchi, Persian, Ghalcha, Avesta, Armenian, Sanscrit, Hindi, Bengali, Panjabi, Gujerati, Mahratti, Cinghalese, and Gypsy. To mention only a few.

The Nazi song is ended but the melody lingers on. Unless we junk both the words and music, we succeed in prolonging miserable and fantastic distinctions at a time when the great need is for the broadest possible common ground. We know less and talk more about distinctions among men than about almost anything else under the sun. But as we grow up, we learn that we can be certain of only one term that is guaranteed for scientific accuracy under all circumstances to describe the varieties of man. That term is the human species. It pertains to the complex, contradictory, unpredictable two-legged animal that has within him, at one and the same time, fabulous potentialities for good and for harm, but who, unless he is careful to avoid artificial and absurd distinctions based on the shape of his skull or the pigmentation of his skin, or the name of his church (whether he goes to it or not), or the name of his father, may within a short time find himself part of a universal fury of self-obliteration, thus disposing very thoroughly of what Mr. Shapley calls the biologic smear on Planet No. 3.

N. C.

Wind Woman

By Laura Benét

WIND seeks a habitation. Once a girl
Bound out to service, lonely, unbelieving,
Committed her frail spirit to the air
Weary of earthly sorrow and long grieving.

On March nights she stands tall against the stars,
From their far kingdom draws a passing gleam
Called hope; then rushes on throughout the waste
Shrilling her fear to hill and icy stream.

With youngling April this sad, vagrant one
Grows calmer and her robe less wildly waves,
Like bird and insect, winter penance done,
She gains warm pasture, squirrel's leafy caves.

In the fast-greening bushes hums a song,
Changed from a phantom only born to weep
To a breeze merry-murmuring yet strong,
And, in some new-built nest, soon falls asleep.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wanted: Army Librarians

SIR: The return of some Army librarians to civilian positions; the movement overseas of those librarians who volunteered for such service; and the overall shortage of trained librarians throughout the country have resulted in a critical situation in Army library service.

I represent only one of the five subordinate commands within the AAF Training Command. At the moment I have seven vacancies that must be filled: six installations need station librarians, and I need a librarian for an AAF Regional Hospital. In addition I anticipate other vacancies since some of my station librarians have volunteered for overseas service and may be ordered out at any time with little or no notice. And, I have no applications for appointment on hand.

Women who have graduated from a Type I, II, or III Library School, accredited by ALA and who are United States citizens, are eligible for appointment. No previous library experience is required. Immediately after reporting for duty, librarians without previous Army library experience will be ordered to a station for a period of two weeks for In-Service Training under an experienced Army librarian.

The workweek is forty-eight hours with overtime at the rate of 21.6% of base pay for time in excess of forty hours. The base pay is $2000 per annum.

Army library service offers to newly graduated librarians their 'own" library; experience in supervising the work of assistants; and valuable experience in all phases of library work and activities.

Requests for application blanks and inquiries for further information should be sent to me.

GUNNAR E. HAUGH, 1ST. LT.,
Air Corps Command Librarian.
Personnel Services Section Hq.,
AAF Eastern Flying Train'g Comm.
Maxwell Field, Alabama.

"To the Class of '45"

SIR: Apropos Mr. Norman Cousins's editorial, "To the Class of '45," please accept my graduation poem:

EXEO

Let no man tell you this was bliss,
that plodding through six years of mud
is bliss;
nor let him say the school is gay and
friends are gay
and life is gay in dorms—cold stone
houses
where adverse temperaments must
hurt
for unavoidable proximity
of joyful, somber, raucous personalities.

Yet think that such a one has never tasted
hard work, sweat, cramming—
if life to him was gay.

To go is grand, to see proud smiles
is glittering happiness;
to lease past strife is easy—
now!

Perhaps by ten years hence this
will seem pleasant—all.

But search the years behind and let
no sugared thought say this was bliss.

WALTER RIESS.
Milwaukee, Wis.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"All right, then, can you give me one good reason why we *shouldn't* invade Russia?"

A Disclaimer

SIR: I am indebted to the *SRL* and to Mr. Richard A. Cordell for a most generous review of "The Wayfarers" in the June 30 issue, but fear I can't claim credit for the one direct quotation appearing in that review:

"The problems of life loom largest to an egoist; they diminish, if not fade, as one feels the life of others." This comes from a very fine book called "Walt Whitman and the Springs of Courage," by Haniel Long, who kindly granted me permission to quote it as epigraph to the first section of my novel.

I'd feel happier in my mind if you'd ascribe the quotation to its rightful author in your pages.

DAN WICKENDEN.
Westport, Conn.

A Correction

SIR: May I call to your attention the list of books published by the University Presses which you have listed in the June 9 copy of your magazine. Among other books you also list a book of mine—would you, if possible, kindly correct the name "Abramsen" to Abrahamsen.

DAVID ABRAHAMSEN.
New York, N. Y.

A la Dali

SIR:

Description of an imaginative picture to be labelled Illiteracy
and to be painted after the manner of Dali.

Over a poorly constructed table, intended to represent Thought, had been draped a flimsy cloth, completely covered with a gaudy pattern of misspelled words, and with a deep fringe of dangling participles reaching almost to the floor. On one side of the table was a goblet, which must have been originally intended to hold refreshing and stimulating ideas, but which was now empty save for some dusty old platitudes which had been stuffed into it, and near it a broken fragment of speech on which lay two split infinitives. On the other side of the table had been scattered various grammatical errors, with which a common noun was attempting to repair a defective verb, while under the table a small insubordinate clause was gnawing on a bare literary boner.

ISABEL HUSTON MCILVAIN.
Lowebrook Farm,
Downington, Pa.

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TRADE Winds

SRL's SWELTERING, overworked editors cannily chose the hottest, stickiest week of the year in which to abdicate temporarily to the *Yank* entourage (I thought Joe McCarthy's Trade Winds was wonderful), but in the editor's absence—and ours—the mills of the literary world ground furiously. One publisher went to jail for illegal operation of Stephen Daye, Inc. (The Frederick Unger Company picked up the remaining assets for $33,000.) Another publisher, lately turned agent, was indicted for sending "obscene, filthy, and lascivious" pictures through the mails. The package broke open in transit, the publisher presumably being too aroused to tie a knot properly. John Erskine's daughter, Anna, and Russel Crouse, author of the forthcoming "Mr. Godey's Ladies," satisfied the demands of an adoring public by getting married. Anna's father, John, promptly followed suit (the bride: Helen Worden, author of "Here Is New York"). Reynal and Hitchcock moved into swanky new quarters. Out of the Army on points, America's favorite sergeant, Bill Mauldin, told what he really thought of General Patton. The latter replied, "Hmphh! Just a mosquito bite!" In New York, meanwhile, General Eisenhower was poking Quent Reynolds's expanding stomach, exclaiming, "I see you're losing the Battle of the Bulge." The news that R. H. Macy planned a year-end move of its book department to the seventh floor—between rugs and curtains—indicating voluntary surrender of long-held Manhattan leadership in the field, sent incredulous competitors into raptures. Bruno Frank and Henry Bellamann (author of "Kings's Row") died. The mystery writers of America banded together under the slogan, "Crime Doesn't Pay—Enough." Rex Stout, speaking for the Authors' League, echoed their plaint, leveling his heaviest artillery against the publishers of twenty-five-cent reprints. Either the royalty rate on quarter books would go up materially, declared Stout, or the authors would go into the business for themselves. Bob De Graff, of Pocket Books, questioned Stout's figures, swore that he exaggerated the publishers' profits beyond all recognition. Directors of Grosset and Dunlap, figuring that the quarter-book pasture was plenty green anyhow, mulled a big-scale post-war entry into that market on their own. It promised to be a lively fall in reprint circles. Regular publishers, too, hearing intoxicating rumors of coming relaxations in paper controls, began squaring away for what shapes up as the most prosperous season in the history of American publishing. . . .

IT COULD HAPPEN ANY EDITION NOW

By Leo Guild

COLUMNIST WALTER O'HOULIHAN—APRIL 8, 1945. Bob Benny quips about the gent who offered a seat to a femme in the subway. She fainted. When she came to she said thank you to the gent. He fainted.

COLUMNIST JOE DOAKES—APRIL 10, 1945. That story about the guy in the subway originated in this space in April, 1897 (with the tag line left out). It was pulled by John Steinbeck's baby on Leon Henderson.

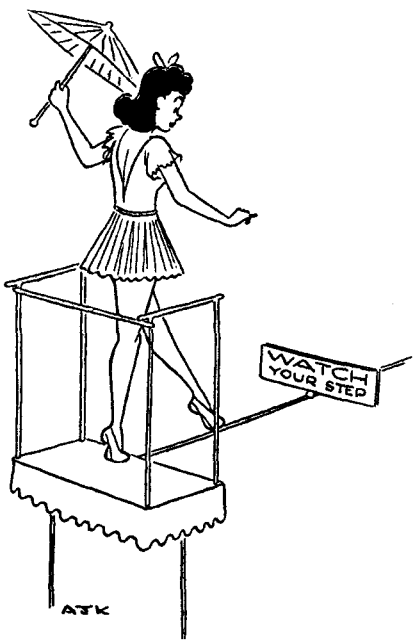
ABEL LAURIE—*Variety*, APRIL 16, 1945. The gag about the lady in the subway that two Broadway columnists claim, was introduced by Joe Thornton at the Palace in 1877, in a bill that included the Pompeii quartette and Harry Lauder's grandfather.

Skimmer's Digest—MAY, 1945. Clark Gable offered his seat to Hedy Lamarr in a Sunset Boulevard bus. She fainted. When she came to she said thank you. He fainted. . . . (Life in Hollywood Dept.).

MEMO TO *Skimmer's Digest* EDITORS FROM JOE DOAKES: You turn out a nice little magazine and I understand you make a pretty good profit, so how about paying me the usual ten bucks for the subway story which was taken from my column?

Skimmer's Digest TO JOE DOAKES: Isn't that lady-in-the-subway story pretty old, as a matter of fact? Remember what some wit once said: If you steal from one author, it's plagiarism. If you steal from a lot of authors, it's research.

JOE DOAKES TO *Skimmer's Digest*: That's my story, too. I originated it in my column of October 4, 1830. You now owe me twenty dollars.



EARL SLICK—MAY 14, 1945. I visited that gal from the subway in her dressing room last night, and caught her London derriere. What a bust! (34). Too much wodka no doubt (pronounced wodka).

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS COLUMN, *N. Y. Sun*—JUNE 2, 1945. Dear Editor: From time to time in reading the current columns and magazines I have noted a tendency for them to squabble over the origination of a joke. In particular was I interested over a recent discussion as to who originated a bon mot which has as a punch line, "——— then the man fainted." For the benefit of all concerned I quote an excerpt from one of Shakespeare's essays: "A gentleman spreads the cloak so the lady may cross the puddle with feet protected from dampness. Yet no matter how often he be the gentleman in this matter she will always be surprised. And no matter how often she be the lady and thank him for this gentlemanly act he will be surprised." I hope this closes the discussion to the satisfaction of all interested parties. Signed: Thomas Simmons, Librarian.

A. P. NEWS DISPATCH—JUNE 9, 1945. Ezra Pickett, Kentucky humorist, today launched a $100,000 plagiarism suit against Walter O'Houlihan, famous Broadway columnist, for using what he claims was an original joke created by him, intended to be the lead story of a book of anecdotes to be published soon. The story concerned a man and a woman in the subway, and appeared in Walter O'Houlihan's column of April 8, 1945.

A. P. NEWS DISPATCH—JUNE 26, 1945.—Ezra Pickett's case against Walter O'Houlihan was thrown out of court today, followed closely by Ezra Pickett. In behalf of the defendant, Arthur Garfield Ernst proved that the joke which Pickett claimed as his own had its inception at a dinner party given by Nero in 66 A.D.

WALTER O'HOULIHAN—JULY 1, 1945. Aside to Mr. Pickett. Some joke. Ha! Ha! Am I laughing!

JOE DOAKES—JULY 2, 1945. Aside to that certain Broadway columnist. Ha! Ha! Ha! As only my readers will know, I always laugh louder. Here's another scoop that will floor you. Beginning July 9, this column will appear in the *Bimbleville Falls* (N.D.) *Bugle*.

WESTBROOK DIXON—WASHINGTON COLUMNIST—JULY 10, 1945. Senator Wheeling told me a funny story today. He offered his seat in the Senate subway to Representative Clare Loose yesterday. She fainted. When she came to she said thank you. He fainted. . . .

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, which shelters too many of Hollywood's most virulent reactionaries, bought Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" in 1936, but abandoned it when fascist customers abroad protested. Now the same studio has shelled out fifty thousand dollars to that outstanding Norwegian Quisling, Knut Hamsun, for a novel that's been kicking around for

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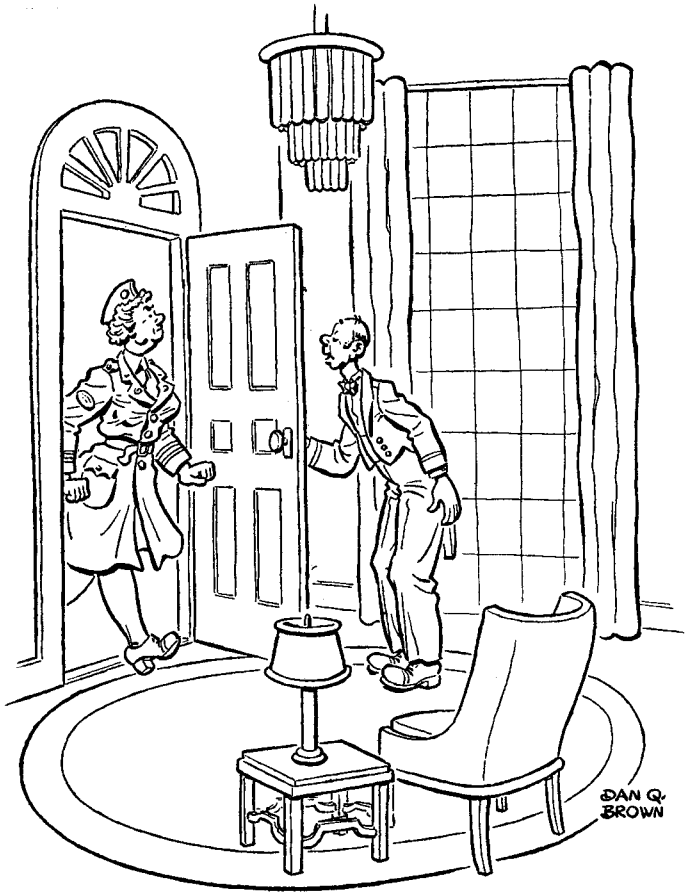


"Ah, madam is home from the wars early this evening!"

twenty years or so. Can't somebody explain the simple facts of life to MGM potentates? . . . Trade Winds recommends these films for summer diversion: "Blood on the Sun" (in which Jimmy Cagney out-Fairbanks Fairbanks), "Thrill of a Romance," "A Bell for Adano," "Wonder Man," and "Conflict." A Warner Brothers short, "It Happened in Springfield," is worth all the features of the month put together; see it by all means. "Rhapsody in Blue" has the wonderful Gershwin melodies and a smart, arresting performance by Oscar Levant; the plot, however, is boring, interminable, and bears about as much resemblance to Gershwin's actual life as it does to Rasputin's. Coming shortly: "Weekend at the Waldorf," a rollicking 1945 adoption of the "Grand Hotel" formula, with Ginger Rogers and Lana Turner radiating almost more sex appeal than an ordinary male can take at one time. . . .

THE LATE Ambassador Dodd's porky little girl, Martha, who shocked and confounded Nazi bigwigs and lived to tell the tale in "Through Embassy Eyes," is completing her first novel for Harcourt, Brace. It is called "Sowing the Wind," and is due later in the Fall. . . . Herbert Cahn, the voice of Domesday Press, announces a competition for juvenile book illustrators, with $6,000 in prize money. Details at One Madison Avenue, New York 10. . . . Arthur Szyk will illustrate a new and definitive "Mother Goose" for Random House. . . . Penguin Books have discovered that the Nazi Propaganda Bureau used their exact format for a fraudulent volume called "Red Cliffs of Dover." It thundered on about the doom of the British Empire and apparently fooled nobody at all. . . . Our own Amy Loveman has been awarded a medal by Columbia University "for taking an influential part, for the last quarter century, in the interpretation of current literature." Never was a medal more richly deserved! . . . And Whitney Darrow writes from Australia: "Henry Canby made a marvelous impression everywhere over here. He did United States books and publishers a lot of good that needed doing." . . .

THERE IS A NEW BOOK on the stands called "Population Roads to Peace or War," with a postscript by Walter B. Pitkin that contains this tidbit: "While the authors of this book were correcting the galley proofs, in March, 1945, General Charles de Gaulle appointed an eight-man commission to add 12,000,000 babies to the population of France within the next decade." Mr. Pitkin always has maintained that Life Begins at Forty; what a strenuous and delectable Life he had in mind is just beginning to be made clear.

BENNETT CERF.

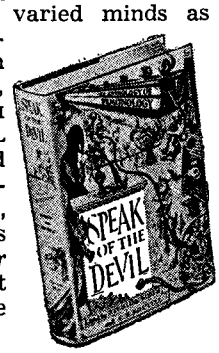
"From where I sit"

Karl Eskelund is a Dane but he is not gloomy. His ancestral components stemming from a Huguenot count, a Spanish deserter from Napoleon's army, some Vikings, some Danish peasants, and some Martin Luther have culminated in a young man who got bored with his ancestry and his native land and married a Chinese.

My Chinese Wife has a kind of touching devotion in KARL'S thoughts about his lovely wife, Chi-yun, and simplicity of relating events which never bogs down in the realms of psychological probing. For all the muddy miles it travels, and all the miserable sights it sees, **My Chinese Wife** is a sunny book, full of the laughter of youth and the casual acceptance of extraordinary experiences.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When Sterling North and CLIP BOUTELL **Speak of the Devil** it becomes clear that they are on his side. I don't mean this to sound like a statement made in a polite parlour to add a dash of naughtiness to an otherwise stuffy evening. I say it without benefit of lorgnette and I mean that according to the scope of selections they have compiled, they apparently recognize the Devil to be a manifold character of considerable interest. Whether he horns his weaving way into the rigidity of the straight and narrow life, or merely indicates the unlimited opportunities for living to the hilt and little beyond, the Devil is someone who requires a good deal of careful study. With the assistance of such varied minds as Benét and Milton, Beerbohm and C. S. Lewis, Messrs. NORTH and BOUTELL have performed a thorough psychoanalysis, which leaves only *Salvador Dali's* jacket drawing to the imagination.



paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

THE ROYAL LINE

THAT it is true only heightens its strangeness. We are a nation that cannot get over our youth. We cling to it as resolutely as ever in "The Heart of Maryland" Mrs. Leslie Carter clung to the clapper of that swinging bell. So far as it is concerned, we refuse to have the curfew ring.

Although this everlasting youth of ours may not supply orators with a strong head wind, it does provide them with their favorite prevailing breeze. Yet young as we remain in our own eyes, and all too often in our actions, when it comes to our musical comedies we are apt to rely on a group of men of Cabinet, if not Supreme Court, age for our stoutest belly laughs. We have been depending upon this little group of skilful men for some time.

Ageless as our favorite clowns may be, they do not wear rompers. Young as they are in their hearts, and firm as is their hold on ours, they offer few problems to probation officers.

Victor (Throttlebottom) Moore, for example, is only five years younger than Cordell Hull. Willie Howard and Felix Frankfurter are the same age. Ed Wynn is six years older than Mr. Justice Jackson. Bobby Clark and Henry Wallace are classmates on the calendar. Jimmy Durante is Secretary Forrestal's junior by one year. Bert Lahr, who is too reticent (as beauties have the right to be) to include the year of his birth in "Who's Who in the Theatre," must be within hailing distance of Paul McNutt's vintage. This may lower his seniority, but it at least gives him the edge on Mr. Stettinius.

Although we ask much of our Elder Statesmen, we do not demand that they be funny. At least as funny as they could be. Should they try to be so, we would doubtless discourage their attempts, conscious or unconscious. We condemn them to the dignity that goes with their public office as much as with their years. Yet (and in this we see nothing strange) the men to whom our stage turns in its musicals for the frenzied business of winning laughs, are not only Elder Statesmen in their own world; some of them would be deans in any profession.

They do not seem old, except in their expertness. The proof of their skill is that time has not touched them. But, ageless as they are, we cannot hope to have them always with us. To this extent they are mortal. Their thin ranks must some day thin. Already Joe Cook's absence is cruelly felt. This raises, even in the gay realms of nonsense, the serious question of replacements.

Several young pretenders have appeared during the past decade. To my way of thinking, however, our stage has produced in that time only one legitimate successor to the royal line. His name is Danny Kaye. Nor is it without significance that Mr. Kaye now merits discussion because of his performance in Technicolor in "Wonder Man"* rather than in person behind the footlights.

Nearly four years ago, when Mr. Kaye was delighting the town in "Let's Face It!", I wrote about his brief and astonishing career. After all, I had seen him when he first bobbed up on Broadway, two short years before, with Imogene Coca in a little number from the silo-circuit called "The Straw Hat Revue." Although this production had found favor in the hills of Pennsylvania, it did not prosper in New York. It was Miss Coca who committed the petty larceny of stealing the notices, poor as they were.

Naturally, after Mr. Kaye's rise to stardom, I consulted my *World-Telegram* files, hoping to discover what early laurels I had had the perspicacity to toss his way. To my humiliation I found that I had reported, "Mr. Kaye worked hard and well last evening in any number of capacities."

"In any number of capacities"? The horrid truth is that I have never been able to recall one of them. To my sorrow they have joined the snows of yesteryear. They have faded as completely from my memory as most of the mad things Mr. Kaye did as the swishy decorator in "Lady in the Dark" or the hairbrained soldier in "Let's Face It!" refuse to be forgotten.

Mr. Kaye in the circus dream sequence; Mr. Kaye rattling off the names of the Russian composers; Mr. Kaye pretending to be a statue in a war memorial group; Mr. Kaye turned Dracula in a bathhouse, singing a fairy tale about tomatoes, or giving, mainly in pantomime, a full account of a draftee's induction into the Army—these were all moments of such inspired insanity that even Stephen Leacock would have had to hail them as moonbeams from the larger lunacy.

WONDER MAN, a motion picture in Technicolor, produced by Samuel Goldwyn, released by R-K-O. At the Astor Theatre.

Danny Kaye, the "only legitimate successor to the royal line," teamed with Vera-Ellen in a spot of Balinese jive.

To anyone convinced that a theatre without clowns can no more get along than civilized man can continue to get along without cooks, Danny Kaye's meteoric emergence in "Lady in the Dark" and "Let's Face It!" brought genuine encouragement. Young though he was, he was plainly a zany who had already achieved (as all clowns must) a style and stage personality of his own.

All of us then writing about the theatre tried to make clear the ways in which he differed from his elders. We pointed out that he had none of Mr. Wynn's sweet idiocy, Mr. Durante's rasping energy, Mr. Clark's terrier vitality, Mr. Cook's smiling goodness, Mr. Lahr's bullfrog noisiness, or Mr. Moore's droll pathos.

To point out differences is not to establish qualities. Although to do so is both tempting and easy, it is a negative approach, more helpful in playing Twenty Questions than in portrait painting. It may aid in clearing the way. But in terms of sculpture, it amounts to claiming that, when you have chipped off the edges of a block of marble, you have already caught the likeness of your sitter.

There were other differences, however, which demanded notice. Unlike the great clowns from the Commedia dell'Arte right down through Charlie Chaplin, Mr. Kaye had no uniform for laughter, immediately recognizable as his own. Unlike most of his elders, too, he did not make ludicrous what is average in the average male.

It was his energy that saved him from being precious; the fury of his attack which kept his mannerisms from being unhealthy. A nation that worships turbines realized at a glance

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JAMES
CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY
BLOOD ON THE SUN
Produced by WILLIAM CAGNEY
With PORTER HALL · JOHN EMERY
ROSEMARY DE CAMP · JOHN HALLORAN
ROBERT ARMSTRONG · WALLACE FORD
Directed by FRANK LLOYD
Released thru United Artists

★★★★★★★ In Person ★★★★★★★
Radio's Favorite Music
MARK WARNOW
And His "YOUR HIT PARADE" ORCHESTRA
ROSE MARIE
America's Newest Singing Star
JACK DURANT
Broadway's & Hollywood's Favorite Comedian
PAUL SYDELL
Amazing and Amusing
Extra!
Direct from Radio's "Your Hit Parade"
ETHEL SMITH
M-G-M's Enchantress of the Organ
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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RHAPSODY IN BLUE
IS AT THE HOLLYWOOD
OPENS 10 A.M. • B'WAY AT 51 ST. • AIR-CONDITIONED
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OPENS 9:00 A.M. LATE FILM AT MIDNIGHT
B'WAY & 47th
Warner's STRAND
AIR-CONDITIONED
HUMPHREY BOGART
in "Conflict"
co-starring
ALEXIS SMITH · SYDNEY GREENSTREET
IN PERSON
LOUIS PRIMA
AND HIS ORCH.
SPECIAL!
DANE CLARK
WARNER STAR
ALSO CARR BROS.
EUNICE HEALEY

it had found a new dynamo in him. Jimmy Durante was his equal in energy. But La Schnozzola was gloriously tough where Mr. Kaye was uproariously refined. His was a fresh idiom. He spoke for the frayed nerves of a nervous age. He invited no pity and permitted no relaxation. No matter how much life battered him, he took it on the chintz.

Fortunately for all of us, Mr. Kaye is possessed of very positive qualities. As "Wonder Man" makes clear, these have become the more pronounced during the past four years. If, definite as they are, they continue to be as hard to write about as they are easy to enjoy, Mr. Kaye's unbelievable versatility must be both blamed and thanked for this.

Being a comfortable vehicle for Mr. Kaye, "Wonder Man" is, of course, a roller-coaster. It is a Matteawan edition of "The Dybbuk" in which Mr. Kaye, like June in "Carousel," is bustin' out all over. His scenarists have been considerate enough to provide us with a double exposure of his talents. In "Wonder Man," you see, Mr. Kaye plays not only himself but his twin brother. He is both of Mrs. Dromio's boys. When, as a night club entertainer, Mr. Kaye is murdered by gangsters, his turbulent spirit takes intermittent possession of his brother's body. The happy result of this ghosting is that Mr. Kaye is hardly ever off the screen. Dead or alive, or living and inhabited by the dead, he has a two-hour opportunity to demonstrate once again how exceptional are his gifts.

When it comes to patter songs, no one on our stage or screen is Mr. Kaye's equal. The intricacies of Gilbert are sissy stuff compared to the virtuosities of enunciation of which

You'll cheer! As Peggy Ann Garner, who stole your heart as "Francie" in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," emerges as one of the greatest stars of our time.
"JUNIOR MISS"
Words alone can't describe how joyously it has been adapted and directed by George Seaton and how magnificently it has been produced by William Perlberg.
IT'S SUPER ENTERTAINMENT— BUT DEF!
Proudly Presented by 20th Century-Fox!
RIVOLI 49th STREET and BROADWAY

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY · JOAN McCRACKEN · DAVID BROOKS · DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. (AIR-COND.)
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy · Joseph Buloff · Evelyn Wyckoff · Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
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Really air conditioned
BROADWAY THEA., B'way at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.
(AIR-CONDITIONED)

Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
44th ST. THEATRE, W. of By. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR CONDITIONED

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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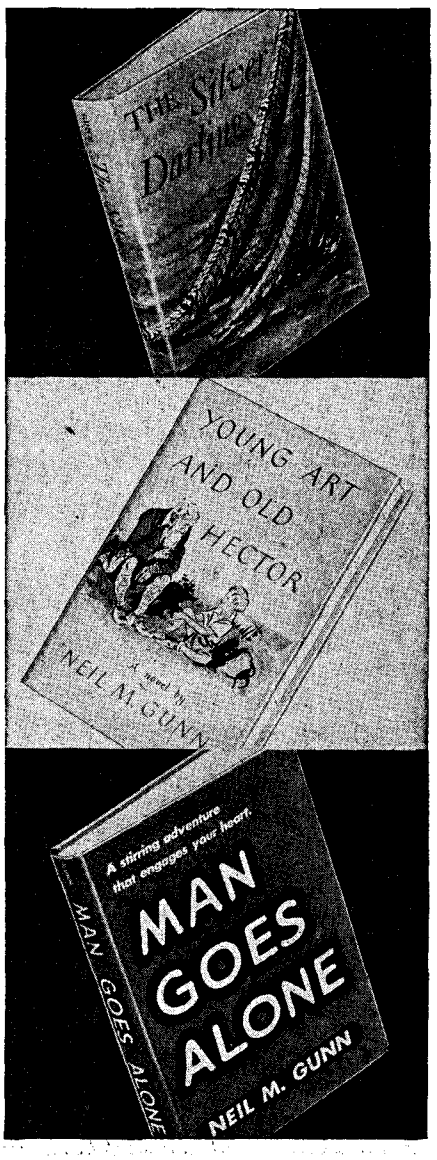
he is capable. Obviously Mr. Kaye must have sprung from a long line of filibusterers. Listening to the explosive noise his throat can generate, one could swear his mother had been frightened by a motorboat.

Mr. Kaye is the most dapper of low comedians. He can wear tails with something of Mr. Coward's self-confidence. But his spirit belongs on a midway, however much his shoulders may suggest Mayfair. His face is rubber, pure rubber. It is synthetic only in the dignity it can assume in its occasional moments of repose.

Mr. Kaye is an expert dancer, even if, when he surrenders to motion, the marionette quality which at all times he faintly suggests becomes then the more marked. In a typically American, hence frenetic, way, he possesses, too, that same heaven-sent gift for spoofing which Miss Lillie employs in so cool and trim a fashion that in her case we describe it as being British. He has a way of triumphing over the cold mechanism of the camera so that he can create the illusion that he is a comedian being fed by that food so necessary to his clan—the heard laughter of an audience.

As should go without saying, people feel about clowns as they do about spinach. They either like them or they don't. There is no middle course. I can only confess I enjoy Mr. Kaye so completely that, for the stage's well-being, I trust it will not be too long before he is back on a Broadway that needs him, hearing there in actuality the laughter of an audience he has made happy. JOHN MASON BROWN.

Three Superb Stories
By Neil M. Gunn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The Art of Heuristic

HOW TO SOLVE IT. By G. Polya. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1945. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THIS little book is a modest attempt to revive the art of heuristic, which by definition is a branch of logic and philosophy devoted to the study of methods and rules of discovery and invention. It is odd that a device whose function is discovery should itself become lost, but man, like a plumber, has a habit of mislaying his tools. There are traces of heuristic in Euclid and Pappus, Mr. Polya says, but the notable attempts to weave it into a system were made by Descartes and Liebnitz. Mr. Polya thinks it might not be a bad idea to dig up the subject for use in our modern complex civilization, and he is no doubt right.

The text of his thesis is deceivingly simple. On the surface it seems no more than a helpful parallel work in mathematics, particularly geometry. A careful reading of it, however, reveals a method of reasoning similar to the magically simple systems employed by the classical philosophers and logicians. The average man would be greatly aided in his everyday life by the adoption of such a system. He has come to depend for the solution of his most basic problems on so-called experts, who crush him into submission under a weight of heterogeneous and often inconsequential evidence. He would get along better if he solved his own problems and let the experts and their tabulating machines alone.

Heuristic must be absorbed as a habit before it will consistently do good for an individual. Therefore Mr. Polya's argument is aimed largely at teachers and students. Anyone who is interested in the processes of thinking, however, will find it stimulating and provocative. The system is not applicable to problems of emotions and morals, of course. In order to get help for these it will be necessary to revive another pagan art, the Greek virtue of magnanimity. There is a system which is a combination of these two but the name by which it is known has been used for so long to describe something else that a fresh term will have to be devised. What word could be substituted for Christianity as a description of heuristic magnanimity?

BUY WAR BONDS

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You are a man of 52, experienced, civilized. On a train you meet a good-looking red-headed girl, a cabaret dancer, young enough to be your daughter. You are instantly overwhelmingly, attracted to her. You are flattered – and dazed – when you realize that she is equally drawn to you. From that moment she pursues you, openly. Your physician has warned you against emotional strain. And so you try to escape from this girl. Or do you <u>really</u> try to escape? This is the dilemma posed in **"Farewell My Heart,"** a new love story by Ferenc Molnar, distinguished author of "The Guardsman" and of "Liliom" on which the musical "Carousel" is based. $2.00 Simon and Schuster

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Life in the Aleutians

PREKASKA'S WIFE. By Helen Wheaton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 251 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CAPT. RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

ALASKA, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts—the mountainous mainland, the tapering "panhandle" of Southeastern Alaska, and the fog-bound Aleutian Islands. Until the war the Aleutians were the most obscure part of the Territory. Alaska's large native population is also divided into three parts—Eskimos, Indians, and the Aleuts of the Aleutian Islands. The Aleuts, too, have been the least known of the Territory's people.

Miss Wheaton's book affords a revealing and lively pre-war glimpse of the Aleutians and their inhabitants. A New Mexico school teacher, she married a trapper and went with him to the volcanic islands which bridge the North Pacific from Alaska to within 650 miles of Japan's Kuriles. Mrs. Wheaton's husband was a storekeeper on Atka Island—*Prekaska,* the Aleuts called him, "the keeper of the goods." She was Mrs. *Prekaska,* the wife of the keeper of the stores.

Perhaps because she was a school teacher, Mrs. Wheaton has proved a faithful and keen observer of these people who for centuries have been the closest link between the peoples of North America and Asia. The Aleuts marched into the home of *Prekaska's* wife and there took over.

In the midst of a conversation Sarah, one of the Aleut women, pulled up her skirt and proudly displayed her appendicitis scar. "Doc in hospital in Unalaska (Dutch Harbor) do it last summer," Sarah bragged. "Is nice big scar like I tell him I want. I don't like be sick for little cut. Is more better have big one."

Mrs. Wheaton and her husband Thornie went to the Aleutians in 1934. Even that long before Pearl Harbor, the gentle Aleuts were afraid of the Japanese from over the distant western horizon. "Uncle Sam sends big boats to Aleutian Islands," Chief Dirks said to Mrs. Wheaton one afternoon. "Must come war with Japan, no?"

Prekaska's wife also remembers Mr. Kojima, the salubriously polite Jap at Nazan Bay. "The people of Japan," said Mr. Kojima, forgetting his politeness, "unlike the people of your country, are very clean. They take a bath every day." On another occasion he added, "In Japanese schools we are instructed to speak British-English, not American-English."

"Prekaska's Wife" would be a far better book if Mrs. Wheaton had written more straight-away and with less attempt to be coy and whimsical. She tries too hard to be clever. Her material on the Aleutian Islands and their people is excellent. Indeed, it is unique, the best background yet presented on this far-flung section of our continent.

Nor will the thousands of American soldiers who have fought in the Aleutians and done lonely garrison duty there look kindly on her statement that her husband "wants the fellows who have been stationed out there during the war to get a different slant on things. He's sick and tired of all the newspaper and magazine reports on how much they all hate the Aleutians."

Mrs. Wheaton's husband claims, "It won't hurt those guys to realize there's at least one person in this world who thinks that country is pretty damn wonderful."

Despite this lack of patience with the men who drove the Jap invaders from the Aleutians, Mrs. Wheaton and her husband would do well to realize that there is considerable difference between spending several years in the Aleutian Islands with your wife and enjoying a reasonable income, and being on Kiska or Amchitka under military orders and not seeing a white woman for fifteen or twenty months.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF

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THIS is the title of a practical guide book by **JOHN F. WHARTON** for (a) people starting out on their business careers and (b) people who don't think they have fully realized their potentialities. What it really does is acquaint its reader with facts about the way America works—facts that normally take years of business experience to learn. It is, as indicated below, a fascinating and provocative book, of value to all business men and especially to young people returning from the armed services.

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Peruvian Old Wives' Tales

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CAPE; And Thirty-Seven Other Selections From the Tradiciones Peruanas. *By Ricardo Palma. Selected, translated by Harriet De Onís. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1945. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE English-reading people of America owe a debt of gratitude to Harriet De Onís for making available to them these selections from the Peruvian classic of Ricardo Palma. To a literate public anxious to understand its neighbors to the South but surfeited by the spate of opinionated rehashings of South American news, these colorful gleanings from *Tradiciones Peruanas* will appear fresh and revelatory. Purely in terms of current attitudes they give historical depth to present events. At the very least they are as informative as a sociological study. With Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" they provide now an easily available and fascinating approach to the historical background of one section of Hispanic America. Without the historical approach, nothing worthwhile can be said about Latin America.

There is no one quite like Ricardo Palma in our literature. Miss De Onís, searching for a comparison, suggests Washington Irving but confesses that he is only an approximation. Don Ricardo was librarian of the library at Lima. He was other things too—politician, exile, historian. Best of all, he was a collector and narrator of tales. Don Ricardo made these stories his own, retelling them with a light mockery that apparently took them at their face value. In them the natural and the supernatural move with an accepted ease that permits no more questioning than the fairies and the goblins of Grimm. In them, too, is a sly irreverence as he reduces the hidalgo and the saint to the level of very ordinary people in situations not always consonant with the dignity of lordliness or with the odor of sanctity.

The delight which thousands of Spanish-speaking people in this hemisphere have taken in these tales has given the *Tradiciones* the stature of a favorite volume in South America. Whether or not it will have the same appeal to ordinary readers of North America remains to be seen. The Anglo-Saxon literary tradition has not been one friendly to the Conquistadores, the blood brothers of the Spanish Armada, nor to the friars of His Catholic Majesty. But readers in a mood for lustiness and pageantry, who like to see the devil outwitted, who favor the drawn dirk, who look with approval on the darkened streets after curfew will find these selections very much to their taste.

Every literature seems to have somewhere a treasury of its old legends and semi-historical myths. From such a reservoir flow the poems and tales, the operas and songs that make a national literature. The *Tradiciones Peruanas* are of this stuff. They are not to be ranked, to be sure, with the mighty sources of the "Odyssey" or the "Niebelungenlied," but they are lesser species of this genus. In our own day men like Carl Sandburg have ransacked our folklore for its songs, and the late Constance Rourke devoted herself to amassing and explaining the tradition-embellished stories she discussed so meaningfully in her "American Humor."

Ricardo Palma was the scribe for his people. His literary function was to record the old wives' tales before they were completely lost in the shuffle of twentieth-century progress. He brought to his task his love of a good anecdote, his knowledge of history, his devotion to Lima, a gentle tongue-in-the cheek, and a flair for storytelling. There is enough of the universal in these traits and talents to permit almost anyone to get some pleasure out of the samplings before us now. There may be too much local color, however, for the conditioned tastes of the North-American reader. These are stories that demand familiarity of scene and history if their nuances of flavor are to be completely savored.

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The Development of Man

OURSELVES UNBORN. AN EMBRYOLOGIST'S ESSAY ON MAN. By George W. Corner. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1944. 188 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY

IT is notorious that most scientists who are actively engaged in discovering new and interesting things are incapable of telling about them in ways acceptable to general intelligent readers. To a scientist, it is difficult to remember that others are unfamiliar with things and words that are a part of his everyday life. And if he tries to come off his high horse he often adopts a sort of baby talk, which ignores the fact that his readers are willing to admit themselves being uninstructed but not being morons. Many scientists who earnestly desire to make the attainments of their science widely known have found it impossible to collaborate with the "popularizers." The best way out of the dilemma is for those scientists who can do it to write their own "popular" books. Dr. Corner happens to be one of those who can do it, and who has done it, eminently well.

The development of a highly complex organism from an egg cell which appears to be just a drop of slime has in it a dramatic quality which is impressive to nearly everyone who has had a chance to behold it. This process of development is most easily observable in the eggs of some marine and freshwater animals with the aid of a small microscope. Many a biologist has entered the field of biology in part thanks to the spell of just such observations. To watch the development of man is, of course, a particularly fascinating task, and many scientists have devoted their lives to it. Dr. Corner narrates the story pieced together from their observations. It is an engrossing but also a highly complex story, as yet only incompletely traced out. Many readers will, for example, be surprised to know that the earliest human embryo so far studied is estimated to be about a week old, and hence the earliest phases of human life are still to be discovered. The knowledge of the corresponding stages in other animals permits a fair guess on what every human being is likely to be at the beginning of his career, but the details are still to be filled in by future studies. Dr. Corner is very scrupulous in letting the reader know which parts of the story are based on actual observations and which on inference, but he skillfully avoids having the forest hidden by the trees.

To recount the tale of the early phases of human life is, however, not enough to understand them. Many a feature in the development of the human embryo makes no sense whatever if considered by itself. For example, everyone of us has at an early stage of our career the so-called allantois, a microscopically small tube protruding into the umbilical cord attaching the embryo to the mother. There is no apparent function that the allantois performs in man, and the appearance of this useless structure with a Greek name may seem to attest only Nature's proclivity toward making things complicated. But the same structure can be viewed in a different light if we examine the embryos of birds and reptiles which develop, as everyone knows, inside of egg shells. For in these embryos we find relatively huge allantois sacks which serve as organs of respiration. Man's having an allantois is understandable if we suppose that our remote ancestors used to develop in eggs more or less resembling those of modern birds or reptiles (this emphatically does not mean that man is descended from any of the birds or reptiles which we may see in the field or in the zoo). The human embryo contains a whole "archive" of things which, like the allantois, remind us of our remote past which some of us would rather see forgotten. Because the protagonist of his story, man, is a product of the evolutionary process, Dr. Corner is led to consider the whole field of evolution, which he does adroitly, indeed.

"An Embryologist's Essay on Man" is concluded by a philosophical discourse. Two widespread views of nature and of man are symbolized in "the Diagram of the Ladder" and "the Diagram of the Fan." The former sees in the universe an ascending series of phenomena. The latter finds but a collection of more or less equivalent lines of descent. Some people may wonder if the two views are as mutually exclusive as the diagrams illustrating them would suggest.

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Machines at Armageddon

MILLENNIUM I. A melodrama by William A. Dwiggins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 100 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

MEN are born, grow old, and perish, and the next generation is much the same as the last. Alexander, Julius Caesar, Ghenghis Khan, Napoleon, Hitler; all trying to conquer the world, all doing the same things in the same way to the same end. But with machines it is different. The spear and shield of Alexander became the rocket bomb and the tiger tank of Hitler, while the fellah's spade was developing into the bull-dozer, the wooden hand-press into the rotary newspaper press. One man is much like another, while machines go on increasing in numbers and complexity until, organized by the "great intangible machine of commercial tyrrany," they threaten to dispossess man and to become the final world conquerors.

Such an eventuality has long been foreseen. There are those who think the men of the Middle Ages, though clever enough to invent machinery, were too smart to run the risk. In 1872, when machines were scarcely more than hand tools driven by power, Samuel Butler wrote in "Erewhon" the tale of a country whose people deliberately put machines out of their lives.

In 1920 Austin Freeman, in his "Social Decay and Regeneration" called attention to the imminent danger that machines would develop their own entities and rule their makers. All this is very gloomy, but the fear has more than a kernel of truth in it. God made the golem and made a man of it, but God knew when to stop. Man took iron and brass and made the machine, and then, infatuated with his own cunning, he has kept on, reckless and unafraid, to give it more and more dominion. What is the end to be? Shall we have a silent, soulless, dehumanized world of automatic machines, or a Hitlerian chaos, or an awakening which will reinstate man as the ruler of his own destiny?

In Mr. Dwiggins's little drama man does achieve his emancipation from machines, but only after the latter have reached the greatest possible perfection and power. As always, the germ of defeat is in the conqueror. Man has been driven into caves and the night, destroyed like vermin by the automatons, contemptuously called "Homogrub," but always the machines acknowledge with a sort of

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
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To a couple of critics
who evidently think that vine leaves
are just an ingredient for
a nourishing soup:

"As a pleasant piece of *unimportant* writing, 'The Happy Time' may be rated a great success." So writes Augie Spectorsky on the front page of the Chicago Sun Book Week. (The italics are some we happened to have around).

This moves Your Correspondents to initiate a pleasant, unimportant little controversy, since our left uppercut, never too effective anyway, doesn't reach from here to Chicago.

It seems to us that some of our best friends and most competent critics cherish the notion that if a book is charming, cheerful, happy-making, it is therefore by definition unimportant. Certainly life is pretty grim. Certainly a lot of significant works are written by authors whose souls are ablaze and who are using heart's blood for ink. But does this mean that joy and laughter Have No Place?

Under the mossy stone the hardworking moles and worms crawl through the soft brown mud. Theirs is a world of soft brown mud, and the sky is the underside of the stone. But over the stone butterflies are doing Immelmann turns and cavorting from clover to rose. And the sky is blue and the world looks good.

Well both are true pictures, depending on whether you're a butterfly or a worm. This is not intended as a personal remark, by the way. Any resemblance to living worms, butterflies or critics is purely coincidental.

But the way the critics gang up isn't. Look what Mr. Orville Prescott says in The New York Times (again the italics are ours) "Few children grow up blessed with such easy facility with the written word, such engaging charm and such humor as Robert Fontaine. So his book, 'The Happy Time,' is gay, pleasant and diverting, no matter how *trivial* its material."

Poo, Mr. Prescott. Likewise, Mr. Spectorsky. This is just a crass publisher's advertisement, suspect because advertisements are supposed to try and sell books. But you gentlemen are suspect, too—of just a teentsy-weentsy amount of intellectual snobbery.

So much for the controversy. Now for the advertisement. As the reader is doubtless aware, little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. Well, little crumbs of croissant, little drops of wine, little illustrations (by DUVOISIN, in line), little scenes of love, both sacred and profane, make 'The Happy Time,' a work by ROBERT L. FONTAINE. $2.50

—Essandess

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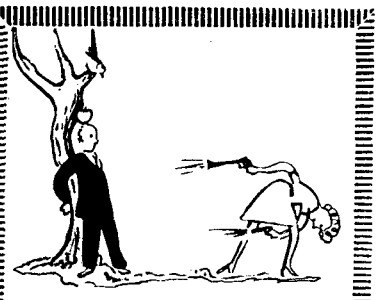
religious fervor that man made them. But so far have they got from their creators that there is no means of communication between them and man. No means until the Homogrub called "Blackmaster, physicist, savant, stimulator of the revolt," finds a way, and in a scene somehow reminiscent of the destruction of Jericho, he vitiates the power of the machines utterly. And back comes sanity to the world. "Get the plows and oxen out, for the winter wheat. . . . Start it right out in the open,—in the broad daylight."

All this is not a new mood for perhaps the most philosophical and imaginative of our artists. It is not a momentary irritation engendered by landing barge or blockbuster (though they may have been the precipitating cause), for Mr. Dwiggins has been concerned with the theme of the machine before, though generally in pictures rather than in words. The modest and intriguing designs in the present book lend emphasis to what a man of keen and whimsical mind has to say on one of the most serious of our modern problems.

"Millennium I" is a short play, in Episodes and Interludes. It may be that it cannot be staged. I cannot imagine how it would go in the author's own marionette theatre. But I have a dreadful suspicion that the theatrical machinery of the movies would be a fitting vehicle for it. Dreadful, because it is another proof that in a machine age the machine controls our acts until it is itself conquered.



Arab and Andy Blake
are at it again in

LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN

by Richard Powell

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An Inner Sanctum Mystery

Distinguished Talent

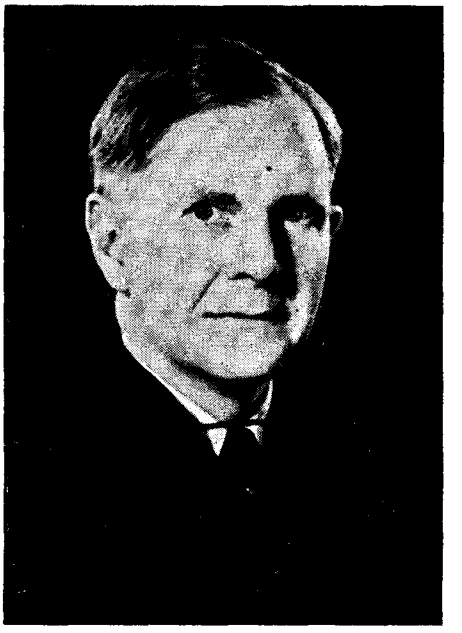
SELECTED POEMS. By John Crowe Ransom. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 75 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

MR. RANSOM'S last book of poems, "Two Gentlemen in Bonds," was published in 1927, and, together with his other books of poetry, has been long out of print; hence this volume of selections is very welcome. For Mr. Ransom is one of the dozen or so poets in this country who have a distinct and original voice, and it is important that his work be available.

The present selection is a small one; it contains only forty poems, and only the last five are the product of the years since 1927. No poems from the first book, "Poems About God" (1919), are included, and the selection from "Chills and Fever" (1924) and "Two Gentlemen in Bonds" has been made rigorously and with good judgment. I have only one complaint: it would have been better to leave out "Survey of Literature" which strikes me as merely silly, and to have included either "Persistent Explorer," or the later "Old Man Pondered." But on the whole the book gives an excellent picture of Mr. Ransom's delightful talent.

There are some poets, like Swinburne, who find their voice at once, whose personal idiom and rhythm is fully developed as soon as they begin to write. Other poets take longer, and have to break through various layers



—*Andrew Stojan*

John Crowe Ransom "occupies a permanent place in contemporary American poetry."

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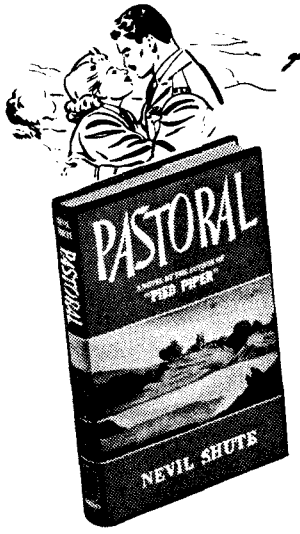

An interlude of love in the midst of war

PASTORAL

by NEVIL SHUTE

AUTHOR OF "PIED PIPER"

The beautiful love story of Peter Marshall, RAF pilot and Gervase Robertson, a WAAF assigned to his station. "I hasten to be among the first to hail it as magic."
—*Charles Lee, Philadelphia Record.*

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WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

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of immaturity or conventionality before they discover their idiom. Mr. Ransom belongs to this second type, and he has shown good sense in not printing any of the poems about God. Those poems are clearly the work of someone who has just begun; they express a rather naive, and even adolescent, reaction to experience, to evil, and though several of them are dramatically effective, for the most part they are hasty and crude.

T. S. Eliot once remarked that the business of the poet was to "focus the word and practise the incantation," and the individuality of a good poet obviously consists in doing these two things in his own special way. When Mr. Ransom is at his best his words are admirably focussed—an unexpected noun or adjective refracts the light of his thought in a surprising, often refreshingly colloquial, fashion:

> Dear love, these fingers that had known your touch,
> And tied our separate forces first together,
> Were ten poor idiot fingers not worth much,
> Ten frozen parsnips hanging in the weather.

The incantation, the rhythm, of Mr. Ransom's best poems is equally effective; the contrasting of masculine and feminine endings, the check-rein rhythm of the well-known "Captain Carpenter" which is so appropriate to its theme, the use of extra syllables to make the lines waver, all these devices help to create a poetry that is individual and stylish, and which in one poem, at least—"The Equilibrists"—can stand "with Landor and with Donne."

This high excellence is, however, rather precariously achieved. Mr. Ransom's manner sometimes becomes a mannerism; the old-fashioned words he is fond of, such as "lissom" and "thole," tend to make some of the poems precious, over-dainty; he uses too frequently the dangerous device of rhyming an accented syllable with an unaccented one. His particular style of cavalier precision seems difficult to sustain, and the oddness which is so beguiling in the best poems, falters—in such a poem as "Armageddon"—on the edge of triviality.

Mr. Ransom seems to have realized this himself, and to have cultivated, in the five poems written since 1927, a new and denser style. Here the images are more closely crowded, the rhythms are heavier, the meaning more indirectly and obscurely conveyed. One of these poems, "Painted Head," is a very fine one, but the others are disappointing; they lack individuality; in them Mr. Ransom has mostly forgotten his own idiom.

But the relative failure of these later poems does not detract from what Mr. Ransom has accomplished; the best poems in this volume remind us again that he occupies an enviable and special place, a permanent place, in contemporary American poetry.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 108

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 108 will be found in the next issue.

CGAAMPZ MJ XSL BLPBGXMKP

KW RSLLCMPZ ZKKH GCC

KWLE, GPH BSKYMPZ MX

REMPNMRGCCV MP KPL BRKX.

—S. Y. BSGY

—NKFMNGC CLQMNKP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 107

HUMOR IS CONSISTENT WITH PATHOS, WHILST WIT IS NOT.

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

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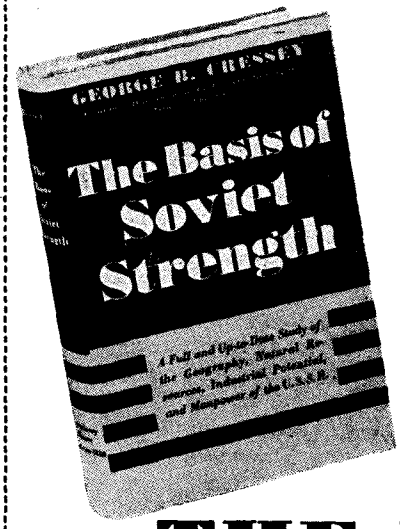

How has
SOVIET RUSSIA
accomplished the impossible
?

THE BASIS OF SOVIET STRENGTH

By George B. Cressey
Chairman, Dept. of Geology and Geography, Syracuse Univ.

The Basis of Soviet Strength is a non-political, realistic and readable account of Soviet power in terms of industries, land, climate, agriculture, people, regional characteristics, and its future as one of the great nations of the world. Mr. Cressey, the author of *Asia's Lands and Peoples,* pierces the riddle of Russia and presents the country and its people with the impartiality of a scientist and the warm understanding of a humanitarian. He has seen first hand the Soviet Union's development from the initial chaos following the Revolution to its phenomenal military and industrial accomplishments during the recent European war. Here is fundamental data necessary to any realistic appraisal of Russia and her future role. *Extensively illustrated with photographs and maps.* $3.00

WHITTLESEY HOUSE: A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co.

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A Number of Things

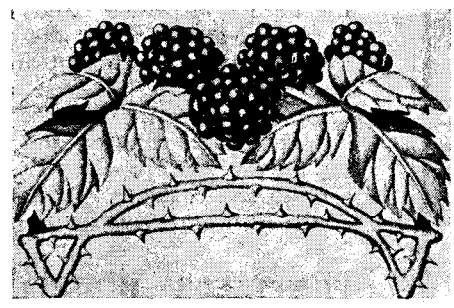
THE facsimile of the John Newbery book that was given by a generous publisher as a tribute to Frederick Melcher to the guests at the Newbery-Caldecott luncheon last month ("Mother Goose's Melody; or Sonnets for the Cradle." Printed by Isaiah Thomas and Sold at His Bookshop. Worcester, Mass. 1786) is as well worth reading as it is enjoying for the charm of its flowered cover and its tiny woodcuts. It was originally compiled and printed by John Newbery in London and no copies of that edition survive. After a singularly enlightening foreword, we have the Mother Goose rhymes with a trenchant maxim under each one in print so small that you need sharp eyes or a magnifying glass in order to read them. But they are well worth the effort!

After "The Wise Men of Gothem" rhyme the maxim says tersely; "It is long enough. Never lament the loss of what is not worth having." The "high, diddle, diddle" comment is even more caustic. It says; "It must be a *little* dog that laughed, for a great dog would be ashamed to laugh at such nonsense!" But we like best the maxim that follows the rhyme about the man who "jumped into the bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes." It remarks; "How happy it was for the man to scratch his eyes in again when they were scratched out. But he was a Blockhead, or he would have kept himself out of the Hedge, and not been scratched at all." There is something very refreshing in all this.

The second part of this treasured gift is a group of Shakespeare's songs. It is a tribute to the immortality of William Shakespeare that while some of us in the year 1945 are going to see the latest production on Broadway of one of his plays, others are rereading his songs from a book that John Newbery made for the children of London nearly two hundred years ago. They were lucky children—in some ways more lucky than our boys and girls today. In one tiny volume they were given immortal beauty, cryptic wisdom, and laughter. One longs today for leisure to turn from this little book to Caroline Hewins's "A Mid-Century Child and Her Books," to J. Harvey Darton's "Children's Books in England," to the story of The Song of Roland in Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," or to the foreword, which is a fascinating novel, of Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither."

But leisure to wander along the paths of literature is the special prerogative of the children right now. Their vacation has begun. What shall we offer them for the long, lazy summer days? Let us make it "a number of things." Because even the wisest of us does not know where their inclination will lead them. We do know that in summer they will take to the books that are slower to emerge, that they will "wander" more willingly. Here are some good stories for them. Here is an engaging tale of a Mexican family and an unusual book about our North American forests. Here is a page from our early history that wears the mantle of authenticity. Here is a collection of funny stories to read aloud when the boys and girls are resting after a swim or sitting around a campfire. They will laugh as they listen and their laughter will mingle with the sound of water in running brooks or in waves along the shore, with the sound of wind in the trees and a bird's song. This is the time of their leisure. Make the most of it.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.



—From "A Book of Wayside Fruits"

HUMOR FOR THE YOUNG

CHUCKLEBAIT; FUNNY STORIES FOR EVERYONE. Selected by Margaret C. Scoggin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE are few people better qualified by experience and by natural endowment to make a selection of stories for young people than Margaret Scoggin. She is the director of the only public library in New York that is exclusively for children and the "teen age." No one over twenty-one qualifies. Hundreds of young people come to the attractive building on East Thirty-Second Street —the old Straus Laboratory—to talk over with her and with her staff their adventures with books. Many of them read very seriously. More and more of them, as they come to know her and the resources of her collection, read purely for pleasure.

One of Miss Scoggin's outstanding assets is a well-developed sense of humor. If she, with her broad outlook and her knowledge of human nature, found these stories humorous then they will seem so to a large group of readers. The first story happens to be this reviewer's favorite bit of purely American humor—it could have come from no other country. Robert H. Davis was known to many people in most of the civilized countries of the world. He was as much at home in a Venetian palace as in a London "pub," in exclusive literary gatherings as on the sidelines of a small-town baseball park. He was a great American. The story of his boyhood in the Middle West—"Treetoad"—is and will always remain an American classic. And the funniest of all its heart-warming chapters is the one that Miss Scoggin gives here—the one called "Jack Knives from Heaven." It is both funny and deeply moving—which is always true when a man like Bob Davis writes simply of the things that are closest to his heart.

There are three other stories in this

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first section, which is called "Small Fry." They are all practically perfect examples of American humor. The next section is "School Days." It includes one of Owen Johnson's stories, one of Josephine Bentham's, and three others—equally good. In the next division, "Boy Meets Girl and Girl Meets Boy," we find writers like P. G. Wodehouse, H. C. Bunner, and Stephen Leacock. Here, too, is that almost classic tale of the lady elephant, Zenobia, who fell passionately in love with the small-town doctor who cured her of her burns. It forms a nice contrast to the "teen age" love affairs. The last section has two stories from "Life with Father," Robert Benchley's "Christmas Afternoon," and Leacock's "How We Kept Mother's Day." All together the stories form a compact little volume with humorous decorations by Saul Steinberg. It could be slipped easily into a deep pocket or a duffle-bag. Shared, it would bring delight to any group, young or old. This reviewer took it with her recently to a training camp for camp councillors in the Ramapos. She came away without it. It would have been sheer brutality to deprive those young men and women of a thing that gave them so much pleasure. M. G. D.

BOY AND DOG

BURLAP. By Morgan Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 40 *pp.* $1.

THIS is not quite as funny as "The Pup Himself," in the opinion of this reviewer. But who can tell what particular dog will find his way to the heart of a doglover? Burlap is a mournful looking "houn'" dog with the large, sad eyes and high forehead of his kind. Dick discovers him when he comes to visit his Grandmother on her farm. Grandmother and Cy had both decided, and with ample reason, that Burlap is short on brains. If he can do the wrong thing instead of the right thing, he is practically certain to do it. But he has pleading eyes, he is loving and loyal—so Dick becomes his champion. The climax comes when Burlap trees a bear who has escaped from the circus. It has been a long time since we have had a bear as expressive and attractive as this one. His expression when he leans over the stone wall and looks out of the corner of his eyes at Dick and Burlap is worth the price of the book alone. When he is returned to his rightful owners a fifty-dollar bill and tickets to the circus are the reward—earned by Dick and Burlap. The circus manager, wearing a tall silk hat and carrying a cane, calls for a cheer. Dick and Burlap stand up and take a bow and the band plays "For he's a jolly good fellow." Dick goes back to the farm in the baggage car because they will not let even an heroic Burlap in with the people. They are both blissfully happy, however.

The drawings are printed in sepia, the type is large and clear. It is a book that will make small boys and girls who like dogs proud of Dick and Burlap, happy to own the volume that records their adventures. M. G. D.

PRANKS AND PICKLES

THE UMBRELLA MAN. By Emma L. Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 43 *pp.* $1.25.

Tack 'em and Stitch 'em
Here and there.
Whack 'em and Fix 'em everywhere.
Big and little and new and old,
Bring 'em open or bring 'em rolled.
Tack and stitch and whack and mix,
Bring your umbrellas for me to fix.

THE significant word in the song of the Umbrella Man is *mix*. When he took the umbrellas to mend he mixed them all up. They were returned to the wrong people—and all sorts of exciting things began to happen! This is a gay little story with many pictures in color by the author-artist. It all might have happened in any village or small town where there lives an umbrella man with a "pixie" sense of humor. It is realistic, but all through it runs that pixie humor and wording as rhythmical as a folktale.

It is fun to see little Jennie Jennison get the big faded umbrella that really belongs to Farmer Merryweather, to watch the expression on Grandmother Twitchell's face when she opens the tiny pink umbrella that belongs to Jennie's doll, to follow with your eyes the ascent to the very top of the circus tent of Lady Rosita with the huge orange umbrella that belongs to Ike, the pushcart man. Perhaps the greatest fun of all is to see Ike standing in the rain with Lady Rosita's red paper umbrella getting scarlet drops in his eyes. Emma L. Brock knows how to make the children chuckle. They will love this book. M. G. D.

INCAUTIOUS WORDS

MYSTERY OF THE MAYAN JEWELS. By Pachita Crespi and Jessica Lee. Pictures by Pachita Crespi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 164 *pp.* $1.50.

AS the title indicates this is a mystery story centering around jewels—a favorite theme. The setting is a modern New York hotel. Here, surrounded by maids, waiters, bellboys, and all the luxury that most children see in the movies and seldom experience, lives curly-headed little Martida, her mother who is a very beautiful señora from Costa Rica, and her father who is an American mining engineer. Bridget, the Irish nurse, and the "wee mite of humanity," little sister Tina, complete the family. Martida, a veritable chatterbox, talks to everyone with pride and excitement about her mother's jewels excavated from Indian graves in Costa Rica. To the elevator boy she chatters:

> Look, papa is dressed for a party! And my mama, she looks like a Queen. You'll see when she comes down. She is wearing her new pin that looks like a golden bat and her bracelet and necklace of Indian charms and even a gold pin in her puffs. . . . And do you know what? They are going to be out all night. Bridget and Tina and I will be all alone.

Such complete information reaches the listening ears of burglars who, that very same evening, steal the Mayan treasures. How Martida, in spite of her fear, observes their doings and later becomes a detective assistant to the

—From "The Very Good Neighbors"

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New York police makes the plot of the story. For her real courage and her gift of accurate observation we forgive her excessive tongue-wagging.

The conversations in the story and the drawings give a good deal of information about Costa Rica, where Pachita Crespi grew up. The stolen jewels are today in New York and Brooklyn museums for all to see.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

LIFE WITH THE INDIANS

ARROW FLY HOME. By Katharine Gibson. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 146 *pp.* $2.

CAPTURED by Indians when he was too young to remember any life except that of the Shawnee, David lived as an Indian boy, unaware of another world until a new prisoner was brought in—Elizabeth Hawkins, ten years old, ragged and terrified. In the days that followed David's friendliness and sympathy, which he himself did not quite understand, helped Elizabeth to conquer her terror and to adapt herself to Indian ways. In return, Elizabeth taught David to read and write and cipher and told him about the world of the white man. Treated with kindness and dignity by the Indians, David and Elizabeth were to grow to sorrow because of the misunderstanding and the wickedness of a few which caused battles and bloodshed between Indians and whites. They were eighteen when a prophecy of the Indian Princess, Nonhelema, came true and they started on the long journey from Ohio to Pennsylvania. They stopped for a time at Ephrata and there, in the midst of the kind Moravian Brothers and Sisters, their marriage was celebrated. The next day, to her surprise and bewildered joy, Elizabeth experienced what she had lost as a child—the complete security and peace of being once more under her own mother's roof.

This is not merely an Indian story, although the life with Indians of the two white children would appeal to boys and girls who like Indian and pioneer tales. That story, however, with its exciting action, has been told many times. The importance of this book lies in its integrity as a page out of our history and in the skill with which the author has brought that page to life. The story is told briefly but so well that the picture emerges complete, fascinating, and wholly satisfying. The characters take their place in the pageant of the builders of our country.

The drawings by Ralph Ray are spirited and interesting.

RUTH A. HILL.

CHILDREN TO THE SOUTH

THE VERY GOOD NEIGHBORS. By Irmengarde Eberle. Drawings by Flora Nash De Muth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 95 *pp.* $2.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the good neighbor policy, but unless children and young people are made aware of the qualities of our neighbors to the South, no policy however wise can insure good relations. American children will gain a sympathetic understanding of Latin Americans through this story of the Carillo family. It is a very simple story. José and Rose Carillo with their three children, Juan, Conchita, and Maria, come on foot from Mexico to look for work in southern Texas. The parents soon find employment and the children do their bit to help the family budget. Their greatest joy comes when, out of scraps and bits of building material, they begin to build themselves a house—the first in their nomadic life. A colorful house it is and much love goes into the building.

There is great warmth and devotion to one another in the relationship of the Carillo family. They are so dignified, so hard-working, and they have so much charm in their own right that we do not quite understand why they want so much to become Americans. But this desire may be a feature of the Mexicans who settle in Texas. Did the author of the book not grow up in Texas? Did she not know many of these new settlers personally?

The large, clear type and colorful pictures make this a good book for even very little children.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

UNDER THE HEEL OF WAR

THE BOY NIKOLKA AND OTHER TALES OF SOVIET CHILDREN. By Ruth E. Kennell. New York: Russian War Relief, Inc. 1945. 67 *pp.* 25c.

THREE of these four stories appeared in *Story Parade.* They have been well printed and well illustrated, but they are bound in paper—which makes the book impractical for a long life in public libraries and bookshops. The first two are illustrated by Frank Dobias, the third by Kurt Wiese, and the fourth by Rafaello Busoni—in each case, we imagine, a "labor of love." The scene is Soviet Russia today—Moscow, the Uzbeks, Kubnetsk, and a village not far from Stalingrad. If the Russian children seem almost impossibly courageous and resourceful, there are many factual stories being told about them today that are just as challenging. These reveal qualities in the children

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of Russia that the children of America will readily appreciate and understand. Little German Elsa and Russian Nikolka learn to be friends and each play their part in the siege of Moscow. Persian Abdullah becomes a citizen of the Uzbekistan Republic and learns to drive a modern tractor, Stepka makes friends with the American engineers and hangs a miraculous electric light in the window of his village home, Petya is left alone to guard the treasure of seeds for the next harvest. To his deserted village the German soldiers come. They force Stepka to sit in the branches of an orchard tree while they mine the earth around it and leave him there as a trap for the Russian deliverers. This incredibly horrible war has made all these things credible. The children must know about them, if they are to be equipped for the future. There is no horror in these stories. There is danger and suffering—and courage. They should have a wide reading.

M. G. D.

NATURAL WEALTH

YOUR FORESTS. By Martha Bensley Bruere. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 159 *pp.* $2.50.

FOR everyone, young or old, who cherishes our North American heritage of forest and woodland this is an important book. Out of a contagious enthusiasm and wide research Mrs. Bruere has written what might be called a biography of the forests of the United States and Canada. In his foreword Gifford Pinchot calls it "a delightful book." "What I like most about this book," he says, "is that it treats the forest as what it is—a living, breathing, growing thing, full of life of many kinds and with a personality of its own." That its pages are filled, too, with information that is vital in these critical times makes it not only a joy to read, but a necessity. Reading it one wonders why such a book has not been written before for young people.

Conservation, fire control, the training and practical experience of forest rangers, the multiple uses, including the new plastic industry, of wood are all recorded here. There is an index and end-papers showing the forest regions of North America and through it all runs an atmosphere, a wording that lifts it out of the "information" class and makes it as exciting as a good historical novel. Forestry offers a career, it requires long and careful training, it can be a life work that wins rich rewards. Its past history, its present importance to the nation is all in this book. Here, too, is the perennial appeal of a tree.

—From "The Boy Nikolka and Other Tales of Soviet Children"

America should be grateful to Mrs. Bruere for making its life story so convincing and so readable.

M. G. D.

A LOVELY PAGEANT

A BOOK OF WAYSIDE FRUITS. By Margaret McKenny and Edith F. Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

OF the three books that Margaret McKenny and Mrs. Johnston have made together this is, perhaps, the most beautiful. The exquisite design that the common wayside berries and their leaves make is known to everyone who walks on country roads and sits to rest on low stone walls. In her foreword Mrs. Johnston calls it "The lovely pageant of flower and leaf." This book is divided into Early Summer, Mid-Summer, and Autumn. There is a full-page drawing in color for each plant and some particularly lovely designs in black and white for headings. Only plants common to most of North America are shown. We who have seen them in their native setting pay tribute to the skill and care that have brought them so successfully to the printed page. The text is short and clear, so worded that it is easy to remember the details that identify each flower and berry and leaf. We are told in every case which berries the birds prefer, where they hold their feasts. The blossom sometimes will puzzle us. What fruit will it bear? Look here at the flowering raspberry and the highbush blueberry. The last drawing is of the bayberry, that sturdy native of northern New England whose fruit not only "gives food to many birds but is valuable as an anchor to hold shifting sands . . . on the bluffs above the sea." Looking through this book brings an almost unbearable longing for the clean, cool places where these berries grow.

M. G. D.

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the Phoenix Nest

ONCE in the now dim past of the Moving Pictures, David Wark Griffith put on a great film called "Intolerance." It traced the spirit of intolerance through the ages. In these days it should be revived. A distinguished free-thinker once said, and my own father once contended, that it was easy to understand and even to sympathize with the policy of the Spanish Inquisition if you considered the point of view of its most convinced members. Their doctrine was that man's eternal salvation depended upon his embracing the one truth faith. Eternal salvation is certainly a most serious matter.

Therefore, granted that you believe in it and that you know—as these believed they did—by just what means men are forfeiting that priceless boon, the infliction of any amount of merely temporary suffering is justified by the securing for its victims of eternal welfare. Sometimes I meditate upon the "forcers of conscience" in our own day, those who promote and justify intolerance toward any point of view not their own. The only difference seems to me that today they take the ground that since their own ideology is going to result, as they are convinced, in a wellnigh perfect temporal state of all mankind, the infliction of any amount of suffering upon those who, temporarily, do not believe it will do any such thing, is thoroughly justified and necessary in order to bring about that wellnigh perfect state. I leave that thought with you, in a day when there is still great danger from intolerance and bigotry of all kinds.

We have recently had the appalling spectacle of a United States Senator babbling folly and intolerance in our own grave and august Senate; holding up legislation, inveighing, in gutter-snipe terms, against Jews and Negroes; calling the Fair Employment Practices Committee a communistic piece of legislation; behaving like a low-bred hoodlum and yahoo before the highest representative body in our land; and opening the whole Pandora-box of evil spirits to cloud and divide the counsel of men of reason and humanity. It has been a disgusting spectacle; one of the prices, I suppose, that we pay for democratic freedom of speech.

Only, stop a minute! I do not think for a minute that the institution of the filibuster has anything to do with freedom of speech, quite the contrary. It has everything to do with its suppression. It is a relic of—not barbarism but chicanery and folly. Those who advantage themselves by it are either political bosses, like the late Huey Long, or misrepresentatives of the people with the I.Q. of a two-year-old. They reflect extreme discredit upon the majority of Senators and Representatives who properly regard the filibuster as a tool of the lowest kind of political *force majeur*. Let us have done with this practice!

And there is an example of my *own* lack of tolerance, you may say! But what I should not at all object to, is the natural and democratic right of any person to have his full say upon any measure, and to state completely his own opinion, much as I might violently disagree with it. In a filibuster, however, you can read *anything* into the record. The tax-payers of the U. S. pay for this farce! And so long as they do, deserve what they get.

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* * *

Corporal Wallace B. Hoffman sends me the following letter from Peine, Germany:

> In some of your columns in recent issues of *The Saturday Review of Literature* I've noticed your interest in the reading habits and opinions of men who are in the service. I'm sure that at least some of us will constitute a part of subsequent American literary offerings, either as writers, or at least as readers.
>
> The last war produced some poems and stories which became well-known to every school child. None of us will ever forget "In Flanders Fields," or "Rouge Bouquet." I have watched all publications during this war for something which will be as great, and will rank as highly in our hearts as do those poems of McCrea and Kilmer. So far, I have personally discovered only one sonnet, which I thought you might care to pass on to your readers. It is the enclosed "Sonnet for Charlotte" which I found in an obscure corner of *Yank* in one of the April issues, 1944. It was written by Private First Class Dudley Shoemaker; I don't know who he is, where he's from, or what he is now doing. The by-line merely said that he was in the South Pacific at the time the sonnet was submitted to *Yank*. The only other reference I've seen made to the sonnet was in the question column of one of last summer's *New York Times Book Reviews* when someone sent part of it in for identification. I think it deserves consideration, and hope you'll like it as much as the soldiers to whom I've shown it.

SONNET FOR CHARLOTTE

Be with me always in the days ahead
When I shall doubt that loveliness remains,
That truth and beauty live in all this pain.
Let me remember little things you said,
The way you laughed and how the shadows fled
Before your smile; the haunting strains
Of songs you sang, and warm September rains.
Let me remember moments all too quickly sped,
And though I leave the dreams I called my own
To walk apart in some far-distant land
Fighting to hold the happiness we've known,
Your love, your courage will beside me stand
Till in the midst of battle all alone
I call to you and reaching, touch your hand.

PFC. DUDLEY SHOEMAKER.
So. Pacific
Yank, April, '44.

You'll be interested in knowing that some of us have read your column, or department, in *The Saturday Review,* in eight countries (nine, if you count the U. S.) and find it always interesting and informative.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

VETERAN—N. Y. C.—entering school—seeks position, evenings—which would allow time to study, in exchange for room, or what have you? Full particulars, please. Box 758-L.

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WRITER-EDITOR-NEWSMAN and SOLDIER—is retiring to his farm and hopes that he there may earn a little stipend by putting others' ideas into readable words. If, like most of us, you too have an urge, an idea or a plan—I may be able to unburden you. Box 786-L.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

MRS. CHESTER H. KING, Cazenovia, N. Y., stresses DCs as a pastime for a grandmother living on a farm in the country and liking it. She comments on mythological references that in the solution do not square with the information obtained in a text book her son used at Harvard. I think I once wrote in this column of such disparities called to my attention by puzzlers and of the reply received from "Webster's New International" when I protested the points. Our mythological knowledge of those ages comes to us today in such books as are now extant, and Homer may differ from Ovid. For my purposes and no doubt because I happen to own a copy from student days I like Gayley's "Classic Myths," as well arranged topically and of a literary tone I like. He frequently quotes at length a whole poem relating to the subject in hand, as, with facts about Arethusa Shelley's lyrical story of her wanderings, worthy of being placed, in my view, with "The Skylark" and other poems by him more often quoted. To get back, however, to Mrs. King, she says that recently she sent a copy of our "Invitation" to her son in Italy by request.

Mrs. Hendee Rice, Hartford, recently sent copies of DCs to a major stationed in France and to several friends in London, one of whom writes that she is deep in Dennis Brogan's "The American Character." Mrs. Hendee mentions particularly that Transatlantic Quiz radio program on which Brogan is such a shining light. The program, I think, is even more entertaining than it was, for they have broadened its scope from local allusions, devoting half of it now to general questions not necessarily related to customs, practices, etc., and John Mason Brown has replaced Frank Fay. Morley and Brown make an admirable team!

Both Miss Hope Washburn and Miss Genevieve Washburn, one of New York and the other of Tryon, N. C., have written me in response to my query about their mother, that she passed away in July 1943, using almost to the end our DCs as a mental diversion. "Only," writes Hope, "she allowed herself to look at the answers more and more, with a kind of amused declaration that she no longer felt sheepish about it."

Miriam D. Tompkins, just for a bit of added amusement, utilizes the words in each week's DC in an original story. Space prevents my giving you the whole of one she sent me, but as a sample I'll quote a couple of sentences: "Mr. Laidlaw sat under a tree on a slope of Mount Washusett while his playful griffon gamboled at his feet." On second thoughts the whole is good enough for your reading and I'll continue it in our next.

JULY 14, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 590

(IN NEGRO DIALECT)

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Hot drink of strong beer, white wine, gin, egg yolks, spices, sugar, etc.

B. Plaits, crimps, flutes, as paper, lace.

C. Strong; valiant (humorous).

D. A matter of indifference (2 wds.)

E. At the present time.

F. Arab lateen-rigged vessels of the Indian Ocean.

G. A skeleton; Death (Fig.)

H. Want of decent reserve.

I. A den of iniquity.

J. Grim, revolting, as of a grave-robber.

K. Great Hebrew prophet of 6th cent. B.C. (Bib.)

L. Tall Brazilian palm used for baskets, etc.

M. Odious hypocrite as title and character in play by Molière.

N. Any decisive trial or examination.

O. One wanting in intelligence.

P. First name of one of three famed 19th century sisters, writers in England.

Q. Monster father of the Sphinx, the Chimera, Cerberus (Gr. and Rom. Myth.)

R. The malleus, incus, and stapes of the ear.

S. Permanent pigment of brown earth valued by artists.

T. Minor Hebrew prophet and O. T. Book (about 520 B.C.)

U. Heroine of "The School for Scandal."

V. Novel by Jane Austen.

W. To shout to.

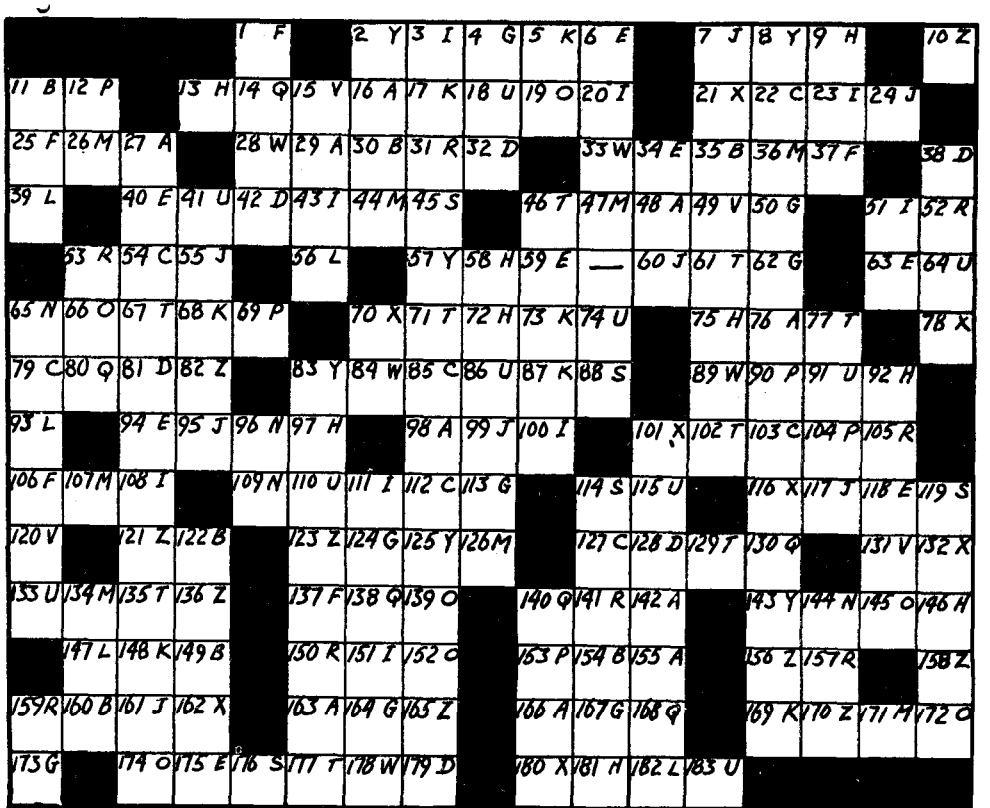
X. Made prominent by stress.

Y. Struck with amazement; terrified.

Z. A long-billed *snipe*; winters in Central and So. America.

WORDS

16	155	166	29	142	98	27	48	76	163
160	154	35	30	11	122	149			
127	112	85	103	54	79	22			
38	42	81	128	32	179				
63	175	94	118	59	34	6	40		
25	137	1	106	37					
124	167	113	62	164	4	173	50		
72	75	9	58	92	181	13	97	146	
108	3	100	43	151	20	51	23	111	
60	117	55	99	7	95	24	161		
5	73	68	17	169	148	87			
93	39	56	147	182					
171	26	47	134	107	36	126	44		
144	109	96	65						
172	145	66	152	139	19	174			
90	12	104	69	153					
80	140	14	168	138	130				
141	52	157	159	105	150	31	53		
176	45	114	88	119					
177	102	46	67	129	71	61	135	77	
18	64	183	115	133	41	91	86	110	74
49	120	131	15						
89	28	178	33	84					
21	101	70	180	132	162	78	116		
8	57	2	125	143	83				
10	121	165	156	170	123	136	82	158	



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